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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached an average edition of about SIXTY THOUSAND COPIES. The circulation, which is constantly increasing, is confined to no section of the Union; and as a large proportion of the copies will be bound for permanent preservation, the *Weekly* is unquestionably one of the best advertising mediums in the country.

In reply to many inquiries, the Publishers beg to state that Mr. WILKIE COLLINS's admirable Story, "*The Dead Secret*," was commenced in the *Fourth Number* of the *Weekly;* and as each number is electrotyped, the back numbers can always be supplied.

KANSAS.

DELUSIONS are very pleasant things while they last, but the awakening from them is not always equally agreeable. "Those glorious nights," says Bulwer, somewhere, "if there were no next mornings!" It seems to us that one of these temporarily-delightful and phantasmagoric states of the public mind now exists at the North on the subject of Kansas.

It appears to be universally conceded, assumed, and understood among us at the North, that Kansas is to come in to the Union as a Free State. This is a very agreeable idea to dwell upon. The admission of Kansas in this way would at once pacify the anti-slavery excitement of the Northern States, and leave no present subject for geographical lines or sectional agitation. No wonder, therefore, that the conservative portion of the Free States eagerly seize at this idea. Is it a reasonable expectation, or is it a delusion?

What are the facts? Let us see how the case actually stands; look the matter fully and fairly in the face; try to have a reasonable view of the future, and endeavor to form a calm idea of the probable truth; for if the prevalent notion be a delusion, it is one of those that may cost us dear.

The complexion of the present Legislature is well known. It is earnestly and strongly pro-slavery, as it is called—that is, completely enlisted, by its sympathies and instincts, with that portion of the Union which desires the admission of Kansas as a Slave State; and to that portion of the confederacy, in view of the immediate admission of Minnesota, and the speedy entrance of Oregon, this question, directly affecting the balance of power, is one of first-rate magnitude.

The position of the representative of the Federal Power in Kansas, Governor Geary, is also well known. It is plain that he desires to hold a middle way between the two contending parties, and to give them nothing but a fair field and fair play.

The situation of Kansas itself is also well understood. The present Slave interest is numerically small, but politically powerful, and open to be reinforced at any moment, and perhaps to any extent, by recruits and levies from one of the most intensely pro-slavery populations in the Union—that of Missouri; while, on the other hand, a large emigration is expected to pour in this spring from the Northern, and especially the Eastern States, every man of which will be on the Free State or Republican side.

In this state of things, what is the action? What has been done? The Legislature passes a bill for calling a Convention to form a State Constitution early this summer. Governor Geary vetoes the Act. The Legislature passes the law over his head, and, as it is said, by a unanimous vote. Now, taking the facts that the Legislature is pro-slavery, that the Governor is a Northern and a moderate man, and that time tends directly to strengthen the hands of the Free State party—it is reasonably to be inferred that the Legislature thought the chance of making the State a Slave State depended on immediate action, and that the Governor desired to defeat this immediate action with the view of preventing the result. In this skirmish the Governor has been defeated; the Legislature has won the first move, and the Convention is called, in the way and at the time at which it is, for the purpose of giving the State a Slave Constitution. Will this purpose be successful?

All the organization is in the hands of the pro-slavery party. The Judges or Inspectors of Election are appointed by the people who desire Kansas to be a Slave State. We all know the immense power that this gives the party that holds it in an electoral contest. It is worth a vast quantum of votes. It is quite sufficient to turn a small minority into a handsome majority. Add to this the fact, that the borders of Missouri are close at hand; that illegal voting is a thing at least as well understood in Lawrence and Lecompton as in our own highly-civilized metropolis; and we see strong reasons for believing that the election for members of the Convention will result in the selection of a majority every way pledged to make a Constitution for Kansas, recognizing and permitting the form of negro-labor which we call slavery.

If this be a reasonable presumption, it is folly not to admit it at once—to admit it manfully. It is worse than folly for the Northern presses—whether of the ultra-Democratic or Conservative school—to attempt to keep up any delusion on the subject. Better far to admit the coming future—to anticipate it, to look out for it, to prepare for it—than to poke our heads, like ostriches, in the sand; wrap us in a delightful delusion, only to be woke up some direful day as by a thunder-bolt. We assert, therefore, without aspiring to any reputation as seers, sages, or prophets, that the reasonable probability is that Kansas will form a slaveholding Constitution; and that, in December next, her senators and representatives will demand admission into the Legislative Halls of Washington, under a fundamental law as strictly and stringently slaveholding as that of South Carolina or Arkansas. And if we are right in this assumption, we make bold to add that the sooner the guides or followers of opinion (to whichever title they aspire or are entitled) at the North prepare the public mind for this finale, the better it will be for the peace and tranquillity of the country.

The Democratic party are pledged up to their eyes to admit Kansas, Slave or Free, with such a Constitution as she shall form. The Northern States expect, earnestly hope—almost without distinction of party—confidently hope that it will be a Free Constitution. We do not share in this belief.

The application of Kansas for admission as a Slave State will be pregnant with consequences. There is a decided majority in either House of Congress pledged, as we have said, to receive her, Slave or Free. But there is a formidable party at the North, outside of those houses, that would receive such a result with the utmost dissatisfaction. They do not expect it; they are not prepared for it.

Before these lines are in print, the Supreme Court will, as it is understood, have decided that Congress has no power over Slavery in the Territories in any way whatever. They will, perhaps, have gone further, and have affirmed the doctrine of Judge Kane, in the Passmore Williamson case, that Slavery may exist in the Free States for the purposes of the transit of Slave property, independently of, and in violation of, State laws.

This decision will be accepted by the Southern States with honest confidence and enthusiastic delight. They insist upon, and will defend, every bulwark and barrier that the Constitution gives them. The adoption of a Slaveholding Constitution by Kansas will be hailed by them with equal rapture. They will plant themselves on the will of the Sovereign People, and on the decisions of the highest Court of the country, upon the Constitution and the compact, and defy the assaults of fanatics and traitors.

But in what temper will these new successes be received at the North? In what temper will they learn that the battle-ground of the late contest has been surrendered to an institution which they condemn and detest? In what temper will they receive a decision which strengthens the power and prolongs the tenure of that institution? We pause for a reply. But the future is voiceless. We shall only learn when it becomes the active living present.

At all events, let us be prepared for what is to come, be it what it may. The destiny of the country depends on the practical sagacity, the conservative instincts, the devotion to the Union of the States of the Centre, the West, and the Northwest. Whatever we do, let us not be hood-winked. The good mariner is he who sees the squall while it is yet in the bosom of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

KANE

DIED 16TH FEBRUARY, 1857.

ALOFT, upon an old basaltic crag,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the Pole,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
Flutters alone.
And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced:
Fit type of him, who, famishing and gaunt,
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting floes,
By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the North.
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth,
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb.
His own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,
Burst from its decorous quiet as he came.
Hot Southern lips, with eloquence aflame,
Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its horny hand. The large-lunged West,
From out its giant breast
Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to main,
Jubilant to the sky,
Thundered the mighty cry,
HONOR TO KANE!

In vain—in vain beneath his feet we flung
The reddening roses! All in vain we poured
The golden wine, and round the shining board
Sent the toast circling, till the rafters rung
With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!
Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased
Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies,
Faded and faded. And the brave young heart
That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
For the lost Captain, now within his breast
More and more faintly throbbed.
His was the victory; but as his grasp
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
Death launched a whistling dart;
And ere the thunders of applause were done
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Too late—too late the splendid prize he won
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art!

Like to some shattered berg that, pale and lone,
Drifts from the white North to a Tropic zone,
And in the burning day
Wastes peak by peak away,
Till on some rosy even
It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
Tranquilly floated to a Southern sea,
And melted into Heaven!

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life!
We will not weep for him who died so well:
But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
The story of his strife.
Such homage suits him well;
Better than funeral pomp, or passing bell!

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
Prisoned amid the fastnesses of ice,
With Hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow!
Night lengthening into months; the ravenous floe
Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear
Crunches his prey. The insufficient share
Of loathsome food;
The lethargy of famine; the despair
Urging to labor, nervelessly pursued;
Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind!
That awful hour, when through the prostrate band
Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand
Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew.
The whispers of rebellion, faint and few
At first, but deepening ever till they grew
Into black thoughts of murder: such the throng
Of horrors round the Hero. High the song
Should be that hymns the noble part he played!
Sinking himself—yet ministering aid
To all around him. By a mighty will
Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrades' fate;
Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
Those Polar winters, dark and desolate.
Equal to every trial—every fate
He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,
Unlocks the icy gate,
And the pale prisoners thread the world once more,
To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore,
Bearing their dying chief!

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state;
The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
No grander episode doth chivalry hold
In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept, through hunger and through cold,
By the good Christian knight, ELISHA KANE!

LIFE ASSURANCE.

LIFE ASSURANCE is comparatively of modern date. At the commencement of the present century there were but eight companies in England which granted insurance upon lives, and of these but four exclusively devoted to this branch of insurance, viz., the Amicable, Equitable, Westminster, and Pelican. At present there are over two hundred—by far the largest number of which have sprung into existence since 1840—the aggregate amount of whose insurance upon lives can not fall short of seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

Life assurance, as developed in England, Germany, and the United States, appears, by some strange anomaly, to be so little suited to the tastes of the French people, that six companies, finding it unprofitable to continue business, have, within a short period, entered into a state of voluntary liquidation, the favorite mode of providing for the future being to purchase endowments and deferred annuities, payable during life, of which there are not less than one hundred millions of dollars.

The first successful attempt to introduce life assurance into Germany was made, in 1827, by the establishment of the Life Assurance Bank for Germany, at Gotha, known as the "Gotha Life Assurance Bank." At the time of the establishment of this company, there existed scarcely any information in regard to life assurance in Germany, and what little was known was derived from the experience of the English companies. The numerous publications of the Gotha Company awakened the public attention to its significance and meaning, and its admirable management inspired confidence and respect.

There were, at the beginning of 1854, thirteen life assurance companies in Germany, five of which are mutual, and seven joint-stock companies. These companies, collectively, have issued 50,019 policies, amounting to four hundred and fifty millions of dollars of risks. Indeed, with the exception of England, no European country contains so many persons who have sacrificed a portion of their present enjoyment, in order to provide a future maintenance for their families, as Germany.

Up to 1843 life assurance attracted but slight notice in the United States, and the offices then in existence did but a comparatively small business. In February, 1843, the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York was organized under a charter granted by the State of New York, and almost immediately imparted to life assurance in the United States the same vitality and usefulness which had been bestowed upon it by the Equitable Company in England, and the Gotha Life Assurance Bank in Germany.

It is a noticeable feature, in life assurance, that these three great companies, which stand at the head of the business in their respective countries, and embrace a larger number of persons assured in each than any other, should all be upon the plan of *Mutual Assurance.* The company, upon this plan, draws its assets from, and divides the profits with, those whom it assures, and in this respect differs widely from a joint-stock company, which furnishes a certain amount of capital as a guarantee for the faithful performance of its contracts, and, after complying with these contracts, places the profits made by it to the credit of its stockholders.

There are two reasons why the system of mutual life assurance should always find a competitor in companies conducted on the joint-stock principle. *First,* Because those who establish these companies ordinarily do so from interested motives, and, therefore, seek that investment which promises a large revenue. The mutual plan, however beneficial it may be to the insured, whose interests alone are looked to, furnishes no such inducement to capitalists, except so far as an assurance upon their own lives is concerned. *Second,* Because the whole theory being one of accumulation, however vigorous may be its manhood, its infancy must necessarily be feeble, and its early progress dependent upon the unwearied exertions of disinterested and prudent managers.

We look with amazement upon the present condition of the Equitable Company in England, with an accumulated capital of upward of forty millions of dollars; the Gotha, in Germany, with a like accumulation of seventeen millions; and the more recent, but even more successful, Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, with a reserve fund of upward of three millions; and, in the large balances which stand between the insurers in these great companies and any contingent loss, almost forget that there was a period in the history of each when confidence, rather than the immense capital they now wield, was their stock in trade. The reader may more easily understand this by being informed that the Mutual Company of New York in 1844 had an accumulated fund of $37,293; in 1857 it is nearly $4,000,000; and at the present rate of increase, at the expiration of its thirtieth year, at which time the Gotha accumulation amounted to $17,000,000, will have an accumulated capital of $25,000,000. Companies like these, which exhibit, in their growth, a prosperity and stability unknown to joint-stock associations, may rather be looked upon as successful individuals, who have far outstripped most of their competitors, than as a type of their class.

Experience teaches that, while those to which we have alluded have risen to such magnitude, very many have either ceased to exist, or maintain a precarious existence. There can be no more fatal mistake than that which supposes that either system, without the aid of consummate management, can meet with success. We desire to speak emphatically upon this point, because of the importance of the trust, ordinarily one of years of self-denial, and intended for the sustenance of declining years, or the more sacred object of providing a fund for the protection of the helpless after the death of the insurer. A writer in *Tait's Magazine*, after a careful summary of the condition of the English life assurance companies, which extends through several numbers of that monthly, says, "If the practice of life assurance be desirable, it is absolutely necessary that the sums paid for its accomplishment be carefully husbanded. Many of the new companies have a large proprietary, but the transactions of life assurance extend over so long a period, that the character of the proprietary must undergo great changes before they are all met or payments sought. Already several companies have gone up under the winding-up act without obtaining a transfer of their policies upon remunerative terms."

It thus appears that life assurance is subject to the incidents and fluctuations of the business of life, coupled with the additional evil, that its affairs are of such a character that it is extremely difficult, or next to impossible, for the public to understand the true nature of its transactions or the condition of its accounts. It is doubtless, in a great degree, owing to these very circumstances that these large companies upon the mutual plan are indebted for their immense business and accumulated capital. And, after all, it is pleasant, while making present sacrifices for the purpose of securing an ultimate gain, to feel the consciousness that the ability to execute the trust is placed beyond peradventure.

THE PENITENT SINNER.

THE flunkyism of this country, in its servile imitation of foreign fashions, foreign manners, and foreign morals, meets with an occasional kick, which we hope, in the course of time, may shame it into some honest independence. It has received a rebuff just now which ought to do it good. Some two or three years since, a young Frenchman, the inheritor of the genius of his father, began his literary career with some noble aspirations for an honest fame. He wrote books, and, what was particularly commendable and remarkable in a Frenchman, *good* books, such as a woman could read without a blush. His, however, was an evil age, for was it not that of the tyrant and voluptuary, Louis Napoleon? and the good books were not read. The young author had more ambition than principle, and impatient of lingering honor made a bargain at once with the devil, selling his genius for the possession of those giddy pinnacles of Parisian notoriety.

Dumas, the son, made a sensation with his *Dame aux Camelias*; he did more, he created an era in which, for the first time, Art walked the streets as a drab. She has not wanted followers; and even Virtue—hardly with the distinction of a blush—has been seen in her company, caressing and applauding. The *Dame aux Camelias* of the novel, the *Camille* of the theatres, and the *Traviata* of the opera, welcomed by the press, visited by society, and run after by the populace, are the same *femme entretenue* of the youthful Dumas's polluted imagination.

Fashion is so blindly servile with us, that we are not disposed to doubt the assertion that with eyes it sees not the bold impudence, and with ears it hears not the ribald jeers, of the meretricious companion of its pleasures. It may possibly be news to some, as it will only sharpen the appetite for scandal of others, to learn that the heroine of the novel, the play, and the opera, is one of those whose old Saxon name no one dares to pronounce, and who are known to modern fastidiousness as courtesans. It may be still greater news to most, that the very title of the "*Dame aux Camelias*" shows, through the thin artifice of a red and white flower-leaf, an unblushing revelation of a mystery of sexual life, which no one before the reckless Dumas, the son, ventured to disclose beyond the sealed books of science. That an American community should be, day after day, invited by our daily press to such companionship as that of the *Dame aux Camelias*, shows a confidence in, or a disregard of, our national morality, which old-fashioned conservatism must oppose as dangerous on the one hand, and virtue condemn as profligate on the other.

But see the lurch in which our flunkyism has left us! Here we in America are applauding with all our might the worthless *Camille*, while in France they, with virtuous indignation (better late than never), are casting her out from all decent communion. Dumas, the son, even, has repudiated his early criminal love, and now appears only in public with morality as the choice of his sobered thought. His new play, the *Question d'Argent*, is a serious appeal to the moral sense of the Parisian people against the luxurious prodigality and reckless voluptuousness of the age. The critics pronounce it dull—too dull even for criticism. Are their appetites so jaded that they require the spice of vice? How is it with our critics? Are they past the influence of a little wholesome virtue, or are they not yet so far gone in their debauchery with their Camilles as to be able to live without its stimulus?

If our public must have Dumas, the son, we would commend him to them, not as the youthful profligate, but as the more matured "penitent sinner."

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

WE can not let the present opportunity pass without expressing, in a candid, earnest manner, the debt of gratitude which the country owes to two statesmen whom the events of last week have removed from the national councils. We allude, of course, to Secretary Marcy and Secretary Guthrie.

As the administration of which they formed a part now belongs to history, we can not be accused of partisanship if we say that, in their separate spheres, both of these gentlemen have done credit to the country, and served—more largely, perhaps, than it might be agreeable to say—to check the follies and redeem the disgraces of a bad cabinet. With a foolish President over their head, and at least one hair-brained demagogue by their side, Mr. Marcy and Mr. Guthrie have not committed, during their official career, any single act which they can now regret—any single act of which the country may not feel proud. Their fortunes have been widely different.

Entering office as a decided partisan, Mr. Guthrie has been faithful to his school of political economy from first to last, and has done more to propagate healthy commercial and financial doctrine than any American living; yet neither during the course nor at the close of his administration has he been assailed from any quarter. Praise has been showered upon him alike by Free-traders and Protectionists, and he now retires to his home with the satisfaction of having contributed to our financial literature the best Treasury reports ever made, and of having performed his duty rigorously without making an enemy.

Mr. Marcy, on the contrary, has been honored with even more than the usual share of censure by his political opponents. Yet it is indisputable that his administration of our foreign affairs has been unsurpassed for skill, firmness, and breadth of policy; that he has largely increased the measure of respect paid to this government by foreigners; that his State papers are even superior to the best of former secretaries; that, in every emergency, he has proved himself to be an able, strenuous, and manful champion of the country. It is shrewdly suspected that we owe it to his firmness and broad common sense that the vagaries of Mr. Pierce have not plunged us into all kinds of troubles; but we need not rely on surmises to celebrate his fame when we have authentic testimony of his victory over the shrewdest diplomatists of England, of his masterly vindication of volunteer warfare, of his bold interference on behalf of Americans abroad, and of his safe pilotage of the ship of state through the perils of the last four years. These suffice.

When the history of these times comes to be calmly written, very few statesmen will be placed in the same rank with James Guthrie and William L. Marcy.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

WE observe that the House of Commons has appointed a select committee to consider the state of the Hudson's Bay Company's possessions in British North America. The movement is occasioned by the opposition latterly raised in Canada to the Company's monopoly, and to the oppressive manner in which it has exercised jurisdiction over the vast territory it controls. As the Canadian people are about to demand from the Imperial Parliament a repeal of the Company's charter, the progress of the present inquiry will be watched with interest, for its results will have a most important bearing on the final disposition of the question.

A bolder stand than that taken by the Hudson's Bay Company could scarcely be assumed by Royalty itself. They not only claim the exclusive right to trade over that portion of our continent lying between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific, but they also claim the rights of absolute jurisdiction, and of dominion as sole proprietors of the soil. They claim these extraordinary privileges throughout the territory of Rupert's Land, under the charter of Charles II. They claim them throughout British Oregon under Royal license, which they ask and expect to be renewed in 1859; and they claim them on Vancouver's Island, under special lease from the Crown.

To rebut these pretensions, the Canadians urge that, when the Company's charter was granted in 1670, and for a long time previous, the country stretching from Canada West to the Rocky Mountains belonged to the King of France, and that even if the charter be valid—which is questioned—it does not entitle the Company to the possession of this territory, but, on the contrary, expressly precludes them from it by a clause which excepts in the grant such portions of land as might be then occupied by any Christian prince or state. To support their demand for the entire revocation of the Company's charter, for the discontinuance of the license in British Oregon, and the lease of Vancouver's Island, the Canadian people further urge that the time has arrived when, from immigration and an increasing native population, the province must have legitimate facilities for extension, and should possess jurisdiction over its own territories; that, as far as the Hudson's Bay Company is concerned, its excessive power is used to exclude emigration from many hundreds of thousands of square miles of fertile lands, that its trade is an odious monopoly, and its rule a tyranny, from which the settlers in the Far West desire and ought to be relieved.

These representations are clear enough, and require no prop for their support. It is not necessary to show by figures that the effect of this monopoly on the commerce, expansion, and general prosperity of the British possessions in North America must be injurious, or to point out the evils to which the settler is exposed beneath the arbitrary sway of an irresponsible power. The Canadians themselves are not far wrong when they regard the issue as one upon which the fate of the province, its prosperity and development depend. The question is important enough to merit all the attention it receives, for it will determine whether British settlements in North America are to be confined within their present narrow limits, or will be permitted, in the natural course of things, to swell into the proportions of an empire, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The early and favorable notice taken of this subject in the British Parliament encourages a hope that the Hudson's Bay Company's monopoly will soon be broken up, and that the legitimate growth of an important colony will no longer be checked, in order to preserve a hunting ground of half a million of square miles to the exclusive use of a corrupt and useless organization.

FRANCE DESCRIBED BY THE EMPEROR.

WHATEVER the Emperor Napoleon the Third may have done badly, he has done one thing well—he has made the best speeches of any sovereign of his age or of his nation. What he says is always to the point; it is always prudent; always sensible; always plausible. As he is, moreover, the only free organ of opinion in his empire, his speeches are naturally looked for with curiosity and read with attention.

The one which he delivered on the 16th ult., at the opening of the French Chambers, is mainly devoted to a skillful criticism of the financial condition of France. The country is, he says, highly prosperous; trade, agriculture, and manufactures are thriving; public enterprises proceed energetically; though there is distress among certain portions of the people, comfort is widely diffused; the state finances are in so healthy a condition that the Emperor is enabled to dispense with the war tenths without issuing fresh paper. Such is, in few words, the gist of the material part of the French "Message." The Emperor says nothing of the Bank of France or of the Credit Mobilier.

It must be manifest to every one who has studied French Imperial institutions, that the corner-stone of the whole edifice is what would be called in Wall Street a stock operation. Louis Napoleon found himself suddenly one fine day the master of an immense empire, with a perfect system of administrative institutions, with an army capable of suppressing revolt, with a people unruly, to be sure, but not persevering or consistent in their aspirations. He undertook to divert men's minds from politics. He gave them as a substitute the Credit Mobilier. The scheme answered a double purpose. By the aid of the government and the most skillful financiering, the Credit Mobilier—and when we speak of this we intend to include the various concerns framed on its model—was enabled to pay enormous dividends. Stock fluctuations were systematically encouraged. Thus the love of gain was aroused to an unexampled extent in the breast of every man who, without this absorbing passion, might have become a political conspirator. Secondly, by abetting the Credit Mobilier in disposing of six hundred francs in bonds—unrepresented by tangible value—for every sixty francs of paid-up stock, the Emperor enabled it to add, almost at a blow, six hundred millions of apparent money to the wealth of the empire. For the time it answered the same purpose as a native California would have done. Other concerns following the lead, an expansion which can not be fairly estimated, but which must be prodigious, imparted to France, temporarily, all the effects of a stupendous development of prosperity. Upon that seeming prosperity is the empire anchored.

The Emperor takes the credit of it, and ascribes the industrial and commercial and social activity to the blessings of his administration. He is right, in the sense we have described. But he now sees a prospect of the turn of the tide, and discourses on the victims of civilization. The terrible straits to which the Bank of France was reduced during the winter, by the necessity of buying specie to lend at 5 per cent. (the legal French rate) when money was worth 6, 7, and 8 per cent. in every other market, seem to have opened his eyes.

He will discover, before he has done with the subject, that there can be no fever without reaction, no expansion without contraction; and that if the empire can not shift its anchorage it will go with the other stock schemes. It is not a little significant that he says not a word about the shift which would naturally occur to most financiers—a large increase in the capital of the Bank of France.

THE INAUGURAL.

FOR obvious reasons, Presidential Inaugurals, like Royal Speeches, must not be regarded as the *ultimata* of their authors. They must be read with due allowance for the circumstances which give them birth. A new President, if he be wise, will seek to attain two ends in his Inaugural: first, to soothe and conciliate the party which opposed his election; secondly, to touch upon living topics so prudently as to present as few assailable points as possible. A judicious magistrate will leave to events the painful duty of reviving partisan rigor, and giving effect to a line of policy which must offend part of the nation. He will not foreshadow such unpleasant necessities in his first public letter to the country. We must beware, therefore, of regarding President Buchanan's Inaugural as a settled compendium of his political intentions, or of assuming that emergencies may not devolve upon his administration a course of conduct of which that document contains no prelude.

Of the five or six topics treated in the Inaugural, two only can be the subject of general controversy—the Territorial question in reference to slavery, and the Pacific railroad. There may be a desire felt among certain conservative classes for an explanation of that passage which qualifies the declaration of good-will to all nations and non-interference in the domestic affairs of foreign powers—"unless that [interference] shall be imperatively required by the great law of self-preservation." The timid may be struck with analogies between this language and that of the Ostend manifesto. But the people at large will accept the traditional policy of the Republic, our present prosperity, the extension of our commerce, and the age and experience of the President, as ample guarantees against filibusterism on the part of the Government; and will attach no more weight to the phrase we have quoted than the context justifies. For the rest—no appreciable party in the nation can quarrel with the President's views as a strict constructionist, as an opponent of corruption in the magistracy, as a vigilant keeper of the public lands, or as a promoter of the chief agents of our well-being—peace and domestic harmony.

With regard to the question of slavery in new States, Mr. Buchanan plants himself on the Kansas and Nebraska Act—which delegates to the people of each State—and to them alone—the office of deciding, at the time they form their constitution, whether slavery shall or shall not be an institution of theirs. He expressly denies the right of Congress to interfere one way or the other; and, though in less direct terms, he affirms the duty of Congress to admit new States, under the constitutional conditions, with or without slavery. As to the newer and more delicate question—when the people of a Territory may decide upon the exclusion or admission of slavery—he advances an individual opinion against such a decision at a period prior to the time when a State constitution may be lawfully formed. But he takes care to pronounce the question a judicial and not an administrative problem.

It is needless to remark that these propositions will not meet with the unanimous assent of the people of the United States. Judging from the latest election returns and other statistics, it would seem that a clear majority of the people are in favor of the principle of popular sovereignty as embodied in the Kansas-Nebraska Act. The opposition to that measure has ceased to be active. But a party in the North appears likely to oppose the admission of new States with constitutions acknowledging slavery; and the same, or perhaps a larger party, contend that the people of Territories are entitled to exclude slavery before they are numerically competent to frame a State constitution.

These are the points on which this portion of Mr. Buchanan's Inaugural is likely to be assailed by political opponents. Judging from the language of the press, however, no immediate violence of opposition is to be apprehended.

With reference to the Pacific railroad, Mr. Buchanan commits his administration to the measure, on grounds of military exigency. This will elicit a certain opposition from the old school of strict constructionist Democrats, who will probably take the ground that almost any work of internal improvement might be advocated on the grounds urged by Mr. Buchanan in favor of a Continental railroad. It will take some time to show what force this party can muster: from present appearances it does not promise to be formidable; while the partisans of the enterprise can rely upon a zealous and coherent support from nearly all sections of the country.

On the whole, the Inaugural is satisfactory, and—so far as yet appears—is so esteemed by the country. It is not easy to conceive an Inaugural which should deal boldly with so vital topics, and provoke so small contention. While it is free from those rhetorical embellishments which rendered Mr. Pierce's messages amusing, it bears evident traces both of the lamp and of the pruning-knife; its composition was no afternoon pastime.

We may accept it as a promise that Mr. Buchanan's chief aim will be to heal the sores which political contests have opened, and to further that great principle of compromise on which all good government, all rational ethics, and all human society are based. His administration may not be brilliant; but—so far as the Inaugural indicates—it will be safe, sober, substantial, and sound. It will also, we venture to add, be honest; for at the outset, Mr. Buchanan emphatically renounces the grand motive for Presidential dishonesty—the possibility of a re-election for a second term.

CHAT.

DIRT AND BEAUTY.

The handsome, well-developed legs of the Parisian women, so boldly displayed to the admiration of the traveler, have been attributed to the dirty streets by Dr. Arnott, who is an excellent authority on female as well as male anatomy. He tells us that the effort of the pretty little French feet to pick their way through the mud, and the habitual poising of the weight of the whole body upon the toes, cause a powerful muscular strain, and a consequent large development of the female calf. On this principle, there should be great hope for our American women of increased proportions, for we have already the mud in abundance, in New York at least. We shall look, with our ladies' permission, for the confirmation of Dr. Arnott's theory.

Why, by-the-by, do not our ladies learn to walk more gracefully? They might take a lesson from the Parisian beauty, who treads the dirty streets of Paris with the grace and dignity of a tragic queen. Mark how with one hand she gathers up her drapery, fairly lifting it from the ground, but still allowing it to hang with a graceful negligence, so as to show, with an artistic irregularity of revelation, her well-turned feet and ankles. You might suppose that she had borrowed a living grace from the famous Venus of Milo, in the Gallery of the Louvre. Now look at the New York belle, clutching her gown with her two hands, as if she were afraid of the sudden trundling away of her hoop, and crossing the dirty street like a blowzy countrywoman fording a creek. The newly-adopted female boot is not favorable, we fear, to either feminine grace or the picturesque in woman's steps. It justifies a great deal of duck-like wading; and as we look upon a pair of female boots plopping through the mud of New York, we are reminded of negro Pompey's legs in pursuit of woodcock in the swamp. The exercise is good and healthful, but it must be confessed to be rather trying to the taste for the beautiful.

A DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.

Lord Napier, lady, four children, tutor, governess, two male and two female servants. This is the latest announcement, by our newspaper Jenkinses, of distinguished arrivals at the Clarendon Hotel, and expresses, in one sentence, the irrevocable order—the first law—of an English aristocratic household. Who is that tutor and that governess traveling incog? What distinguished Oxford first-class man and accomplished daughter of England are hid away between his lordship, her ladyship, four children, and two male and two female servants? If they are to be announced at all—the necessity for which we do not see—why drop their names; or is it that tutors and governesses necessarily lose their identity as soon as they are flocked in with the "small deer" of flunkies and maid-servants? What does New England think of our New York Jenkinses ignoring the aristocracy of the school-house?

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A MONEY-LEVEL.

I was buying gloves the other day at the Maison Rue when in walked Colossus, the millionaire. Colossus, I suppose, had been dirtying his hands in Wall Street, and came in to cover them with French kid. I wear ladies' eights. Colossus has a hand like a shoulder of mutton, and nothing less than gentlemen's fives, if there is such a number, would fit them. Nevertheless, considering the immense difference in the quantity of material consumed by Colossus and myself in gloves, I observed that he only paid a dollar for his gigantic kids, being exactly the same price that I paid for a pair nearly half the size.

This set me thinking about the disproportionate taxation on wealth. Here is a man with a couple of millions, thought I, paying for gloves which are larger than mine the same price that I pay, who have not a fiftieth part of his income. If he goes into a restaurant and orders a beef-steak, he is charged the same money as if he was a poor Sunday-newspaper reporter. Nay, people will be found so lost to all sense of philosophical propriety, as to let him, on the strength of his two millions, have goods ten per cent. cheaper than I can buy them. This would be all very well if, in other respects, Colossus and myself were placed on a level. But we are not. At the counter of the Maison Rue we are treated as equals, but in Wall Street, in society, at the Equinox Club, Colossus strides over me, with either leg planted on his piles of dollars. If it so happens that I don't pay my tailor, what profound contempt does not society feel for me! But, on the other hand, when Colossus swindles his best friends out of a hundred thousand dollars in the Apokrifus Lead and Silver Mining Company, society smiles blandly upon him, and stretches its legs under his shining dinner-table, and whispers to its neighbor, "A very remarkable man, Sir, is our host Colossus!"

Now I protest against all this. If a man has a million of dollars he ought to "behave as sitch." If he enjoys a more elevated position in society than I do, on account of his wealth, he ought also to behold a more elevated figure at the bottom of his bills. I propose, for the benefit of trade, for the benefit of all people with small incomes—in short, for the benefit of the world generally, to alter this system, as follows: I propose the establishment of a government official in each of the principal towns and cities of the Union, whose task it shall be to ascertain and register the proximate wealth of every citizen; that no citizen shall be entitled to purchase or sell until he shall have received from the said officer a badge on which his income is marked. I propose farther, that a scale of charges be published, which shall be graduated according to a certain standard, and that, on a citizen's visiting a store with the intention of purchasing, he shall be forced by law to wear his badge. The store-keeper shall then consult the official scale of charges, and make out the citizen's bill in proportion to the amount of wealth represented on his badge.

Let us take, for instance, the simple article beef-steak. My badge states that I represent five thousand dollars. That of Colossus indicates a splendid total of two millions. We both proceed some day to the same restaurant to procure a beef-steak. As we each proceed to pay our bills the bar-keeper glances at my badge, consults his scale, finds there, under the article "Beef-steak—Badge, five thousand," that the corresponding charge is "one shilling." I pay my shilling. But the result of a similar process applied to Colossus is, that for the same steak he has to pay two dollars; so that if I pay less than the value of the article he pays more, and the thing is equalized.

I throw out this hint for the benefit of legislators. We are now entering upon a new administration, and, if at all feasible, I sincerely hope that the idea may be promptly acted upon.

A MODEL WIFE.

A pleasant little Florentine story reached me the other day. One of our famous American sculptors, residing in that delightful city whither all the genius of England and America seems to tend, was one day seated in his studio at work on an Apollo—for which, by-the-way, he might stand as model himself—when his attention was attracted by a tremendous trampling of horses in his court-yard. He looked out the window, and beheld a magnificent carriage with outriders drawn up before his door. Presently a gentleman claimed admission to his studio, and announced himself as the Prince di B——. He came to give the sculptor a large commission. His daughter, who had been struck by some statues of the American that she had seen, wished to sit to him for her bust. She was then below in the carriage. Was the sculptor at leisure? Price was no object; all that was necessary was to gratify his daughter, who was an invalid.

The sculptor expressed his willingness to begin the work instantly, and the Prince making a sign to his lackeys from the window, they proceeded to lift a lovely girl, who seemed about eighteen, out of the carriage, and bore her in their arms carefully up the stairs to the artist's studio. The sculptor could not repress a look of surprise at this curious mode of locomotion, particularly as the lady did not bear the slightest trace of illness in her countenance. The Prince interpreted his glance and replied to it.

"My daughter has been paralyzed in all her limbs," he said, "for the last two months. It is a sad thing. She has had all the medical aid in Florence, but without avail."

The sculptor looked again at the invalid. Nothing more beautiful in face or form could have been dreamed by Phidias. A face like the Cenci's before it was clouded with the memory of crime; masses of rich, lustrous auburn hair, framing a clear, pale face, with deep-blue eyes swimming beneath a fringe of the silkiest black lashes. Through her delicate muslin robe the contours of a divinely moulded form were indicated; and when the young Signorina cast upon the sculptor a rapid glance, soft as starlight, piercing as electric fire, he felt his heart leap with a mysterious presage of some indefinable catastrophe.

She sat. The sculptor worked at his model like one inspired, and a pang struck his heart as the hour for her retiring came. The Prince and his lackeys bore her again down stairs in their arms. The carriage-door closed on her, the horses swept through the gate. The sculptor did no more work that day.

To-morrow she was to come again. He lay awake all night dreaming of her. Then he would shudder, and say to himself, "It is not love, but pity that I feel. She is a paralytic!"

The next day the same scene was repeated; with this difference, that the Prince having seen his daughter posed by the artist, excused himself on the plea of a business engagement, saying that he would return in time to conduct his daughter home. Poor girl, although the sculptor was a model of manly beauty, her deplorable condition was, in her father's opinion, a safeguard against any of the dangers which he might otherwise have anticipated. He left the room, and drove away in his carriage. A silence ensued. The sculptor dared not look at his model, but worked away on the clay image without raising his eyes. Still a silence. Then it seemed as if a slight rustle filled the room. A small white hand stole across his mouth, and a burning kiss was printed on his forehead. With almost a shriek, he leaped to his feet, and there, with blushes crimsoning her pale cheeks and alabaster neck, knelt the paralytic girl, with her beautiful eyes, imploring pardon.

"I saw you a long time ago," she said (an Italian woman when she loves knows no half measures), "and I loved you. My father was very strict with me. I could not move without being watched. It was impossible for me to meet you or see you. I feigned paralysis. For two months I have scarcely moved. In his pity for my condition my father relaxed his surveillance of my motions. He gratified every wish, and as an invalid I excited no suspicion by desiring to become your sitter. I have said that I love you. If you do not return my love, I can only die."

What answer made the American? We need not inquire, only when the Prince di B—— returned, he found nothing in the studio but a clay model of his paralytic daughter. The original was nowhere to be found. A few days afterward, in a small town of France, the Florentine princess sunk her nobility in the name of an American sculptor.

"WALK UP, LADIES!"

The giving people away in lotteries appears to be the order of the day. Formerly, one was given away in marriage by one's father; or, if that functionary happened to be dead, by his nearest male relative. But we are now given away by the proprietors of gift associations. The old myth of a man having been won in a raffle has come true, and any person lucky with the dice may nowadays have his pick of society.

As Dimes and myself are always in the fashion, we have organized a grand gift enterprise, entitled "The Great Penny Peep-show Gift Association." We have purchased, at a large outlay, a magnificent peep-show, consisting of views of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the Battles of Bunker Hill and Waterloo, and a bird's-eye view of New Jersey, that being the only view the artist could be induced to take of that lovely but penurious State. This peep-show forms one of the great prizes, and is valued at an unimaginable amount of dollars. The tickets for the enterprise are placed at the ridiculously small sum of one dollar, including four admissions to the peep-show, and a chance of drawing one of the great prizes, from the gift bachelor down to a stick of red sealing-wax, warranted fire-proof. Every thing will be conducted on the fairest principles. To insure honesty and fair-dealing, the lottery will be drawn by two well-known New York aldermen, while the large amount of property to be disposed of has already been deposited in the hands of Mr. Branch, to be paid over to the lucky subscribers.

Will it be believed that Dimes has so far worked upon my feelings as to persuade me to present myself as the Gift Bachelor? It is even so. In less than six years, that being the date appointed for the drawing, I shall be ticketed, put into an urn, and drawn by some ambitious fair.

My qualifications may be thus set forth. I am turned of twenty-seven years, of medium height, while in my figure, symmetry and strength are harmoniously mingled. My nose and forehead form the Phidian line. My hands and feet are small and aristocratically shaped, and my eyes by turns melt with the soft emotions of the heart, or flash with the nobler passions of the hero. My hair is chestnut, and flows in long ringlets over my neck, somewhat like the hair of the Apollo Belvidere, only that I employ a much better *coiffeur*. Words fail me in endeavoring to describe my whiskers and mustache. I have been informed by the most excellent female judges that even in their dreams they never imagined any thing more lovely. My accomplishments are varied. I play on the banjo, and my Redowa is the eighth wonder of the world. I have been in Paris, and can talk about baronesses whom I met in the *Chaussée D'Antin*. I go to the opera, know all the singers by sight, so that I can point them out to my friends in bar-rooms, and have a slight acquaintance with a few ballet-dancers—a most important item for a young man, as it gives him a social standing among his male companions. I can play an excellent game of billiards, can drink an unlimited number of cocktails, and, in short, I think that there are few men about town that can take me down on any thing.

With regard to my fortune, I may as well say at once that I advertise myself as having nothing in particular in my own right. In other words, I haven't a cent. But hang it! what's money after all? If any good-looking girl with a decent fortune draws me, she won't lose by it, that's all I've got to say. I'll bring her into society. I'll teach her how to dress; and, if she has tin enough, why, I'll run over to France or Germany, buy a title, and come back a count or baron, so that ever after her relations can talk of their dear Countess de Quelquechose.

Now that I have been so candid about the matter, I trust that the readers of *Harper's Weekly*, who so far have done me the honor to express themselves pleased with me in print, will each one subscribe without delay to the Grand Penny Peep-show Gift Bachelor Association.

P.S.—If any gentleman draws me, and is not satisfied, I will be most happy to meet him with any weapons he may choose. Can I say more?

THE BARRACK AND THE HOSPITAL IN NICARAGUA.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

A filibuster in Nicaragua *may be* a ruffian, a cut-throat, a thief, or a professional gambler; but he is just as likely to be a gentleman and a man of character. I believe that two persons in five of the six thousand, roughly estimated, who have gone into that country, answer to the *name* of gentlemen, and very commonly deserve it. During eight months of daily intercourse with officers and civilians, I found some truly admirable characters of the pure military stamp, with whom it was a pride and pleasure to associate. Nor were some wanting capable of adorning any position in civil life—medical, legal, or commercial; young men of brilliant talents and generous natures, stainless in character, and faithful to every obligation. Some of these were common soldiers. Nearly all have perished miserably, their very names forgotten.

THE IMMIGRANT.

Filibusterism in Nicaragua has several phases; it is one thing to a leader, a very different thing to those who serve. Still more remarkable is the aspect of filibusterism, as it appears to the merchant, the land speculator, the owner of steamships and transit lines, the common soldier, and the "immigrant."

To the first mentioned individual it is a question of personal ambition. The eyes of the world are directed upon his actions, and it is necessary for him that success should be obtained, at all hazards and at whatever sacrifice. It is not necessary for any other person, however; and we shall, therefore, leave him to be judged, not by the ordinary rules of civil or military criticism, but solely by the event.

Let us turn now to another aspect of filibusterism—the light in which it appears to the mere military adventurer; the man out of employment, who allows himself to be recruited for the want of something better to do. He passes under the name of a colonist, and it may be some vague idea of cultivating or selling a quarter section of land in Central America has presented itself to his mind. He is informed by some agent of General Walker that his passage will be given free to him if he will confer the favor of his presence, and consent to shoulder a musket. He really imagines that in going he *is* conferring a favor; but when he arrives in the land of promise, a very different view is taken of the matter by his employers. During the passage up the river from San Juan to Virgin Bay he had heard evil rumors in regard to the situation of the filibuster army; enough to satisfy him that the country and the service he has gone into are not to be considered a paradise. He resolves to go back, but finds that it is quite impossible to do so. By accepting the free passage he has bound himself, body and soul, to the fortunes of the adventurer. His name on the immigration list, placed there by himself or by others, is the signature by which he is bound for evil or for good. He discovers, too late, that it is not for "one hundred and sixty acres," nor for "$25 a month;" but simply for nothing a month, and six feet of earth.

THE SOLDIER.

Arriving at Virgin Bay, he and his confederates are marched into quarters, or directed to report themselves to somebody who bears a commission from "his Excellency." Perhaps the immigrant has *not* accepted a free passage, but through magnanimity or through prudence has paid his fare. Announcing, however, his willingness to serve as a soldier, provided the service is agreeable, he allows his name to go upon a list of volunteers, or by some contrivance it has been placed there without his knowledge. Refusing to march in consequence, he is treated with severity, and he applies to "his Excellency" in person; but his representations are met with contempt. In an agony of rage and apprehension he rushes to the office of the American Consul or Minister, and demands redress, as a citizen of the United States. The Consul, or the Minister, very quietly informs him that "there is no remedy;" that the rights of American citizens in Nicaragua are entirely ignored; and that "his Excellency" has positively requested that no passports be issued. He applies to the agents of the Transit Company; they will tell him that "it is impossible to buy tickets for New York or San Francisco without a passport." After beating his wings for a while against his prison bars, our involuntary filibuster marches off sullenly to his barracks, and resigns himself to a short allowance of boiled beef and plantains.

THE BARRACK.

Here he finds a number of unhappy wretches, like himself, subject to the profane tyranny of a drunken sergeant. He is now a man without the recognition or the privilege of a man; the tenant of a dirty kennel, with the earth or boards for a bed, fleas and vermin for his intimate friends, and fulsome oaths and unparalleled obscenity for his daily conversation; his diet, a perpetual ration of bad beef, cooked by himself and others equally unfit, in foul vessels, with the rare accident of a hard biscuit. He is now a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. His habitation, dignified by the name of a barrack or "quarters"—a shed of boards or of mud—has been half torn away by its previous occupants to furnish coffins for the dead, or fuel for the camp-kettle. It is surrounded by a wide area of excrementitious offenses, the tokens of laziness and disease. After ten or fourteen days of hardships and disgusts, extreme and intolerable when compared with the meanest life of civilization, his low spirits, bad food, and constant exposure to dirt, heat, and the annoyance of an earth or plank floor, will have ripened his blood for the all-pervading and unavoidable fever. He sleeps in his daily clothing. At night, the wind of the lake chills him; and by day, the tropical heat withers. A diarrhœa, a dysentery, or a calentura commences. After a time—it may be the third or fourth week—he fades into the hospital. "Leave all hope, ye that enter here!" for, as hell is to purgatory, so is the hospital to the barrack.

When the company is turned out for daily drill, with the rifle or the musket, it presents a motley file, such as Falstaff swore he would not march with "through Coventry." Thieves, cut-throats, and honest men, like an Algerine galley-gang of white slaves—with the notable difference, that the honest man has been gulled into this deadly trap, by his own countrymen, with promises of pay, land, and glory.

So has it been at Virgin Bay, Granada, and elsewhere in Nicaragua; and the most fortunate have been those who fell in battle by a sudden death; the many thousands of the sick and the wounded dying miserably of suffering and privation.

Let us look to the inevitable facts. Where are the hundreds of noble and aspiring spirits who have enlisted in the filibuster army? At this moment, only one-tenth of all remain alive. The *Nicaraguense* of Granada recorded but few killed in battle; if those who are not there have deserted the cause, and returned home, their desertion is a sufficient commentary. If they have fallen by wounds, disease, and hunger—bear witness, the hospitals of Virgin Bay and Granada, of San Juan del Sur and Ometepé! who is there, with the soul and conscience of a man, that will continue the enlistment?

THE HOSPITALS.

When the new Nicaraguan Transit Company made their contract with Walker, they did not know that they were about to fill the boat of Charon—the old ferryman of Hades—and were shipping, monthly, consignments to their graves. However large the prospective advantage, they would have shrunk with horror and disgust from the murderous agreement. They would not have taken coin off dead men's eyes; and it is even now far better for them that the bloody metal has slipped through their fingers. Had the Whites, the Vanderbilts, and the Morgans been conscious that they were inviting their own countrymen to a poisoned banquet, and that the temple they proposed to erect to their private fortune and their public honor was to be cemented, not with the blood of bullocks but of men—they would have converted their floating palaces to a nobler purpose. The monthly holocaust of three or four hundred victims, taken from the comfortable homes of civilization, would not have been offered at the shrine of an ignorant and impolitic ambition. The crime of decoying, month after month, entire masses of innocent men to their doom, rests solely with those who have known all, and reflected upon all, and in full view of the past have continued to pour in hundreds and thousands to a fruitless and miserable death. It is not the violent death of one man—of a Burdell, that we are considering—but of scores and hundreds of better men than he, for a purpose baser than revenge. Historians judge a Tiberius by his deeds. Cold, slow, cunning; firm as the nether millstone, flint in refusal, Puritanical in life, one such man may set in motion a vast machinery of money, steam, and iron, grinding into dust the bodies of men—as if some lunatic engineer had driven his iron car, at mid-day, through the thoroughfare of a populous city.

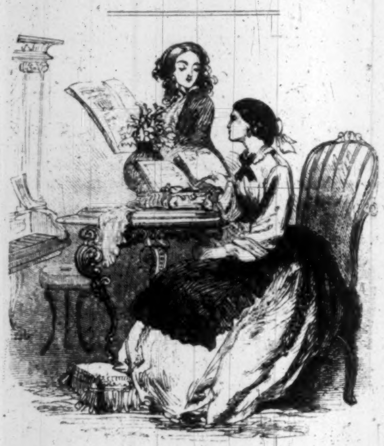
Let us look into the great hospitals of Granada, as they were before the sack and burning of that city by men who style themselves the "pacificators" of Nicaragua. We waste no uncalled-for sympathy over the eight or ten thousand natives who have perished through causes engendered by the war; for this war is more against our own countrymen, misled and destroyed, than against the natives of the invaded country.

In Granada two great buildings, capable each of quartering a small army, were selected for the hospital service. In these might be found, at various times, from one-quarter to one-third of the military force. They lie along on each side of the vast rooms on cots, or on mattresses placed upon the floor. An oppressive odor of rank wounds, or of bodies decaying with malignant fever, floats in the hot air. The poor fellows gaze upon you as you pass with sullen, or with lack-lustre eyes. They have on their old, dirty, woolen clothing. Their bodies, all unwashed; the oozing of wounds has bred maggots in some of the beds, and the smell is insupportable. Their yellow emaciated faces are smeared with dirt. Vermin creep through their hair and over their bodies. Among the number you recognize a friend. He implores you to remove him from this hell of filth and despair. With difficulty you find the poor drunken creature who officiates as hospital physician. You degrade yourself by drinking with him to obtain the release of your friend. You bear him to your room, strip off and burn his verminous clothing, cleanse his emaciated body of its foulness. You place him on a clean bed, and give him the simple food *necessary* for a convalescent. In a few days, the feeble, delirious starveling has risen up a reasonable man, and is able to relate that for eight days he had eaten but once; that several times he had risen from his couch to get water, and falling prostrate on the floor, had been suffered to lie there until such time as the attendants saw fit to thrust him back, with curses, upon a couch intolerable even to his dulled and dying senses. This is no sketch of fancy. All of this I saw, and a part of it I was.

Two more days and this man would have died; and by this road have thousands traveled to the tomb. Passed the ordeal of the fever, Americans in Nicaragua endure as well, and better than the native population. The grand battle was to be fought in the hospitals; but here, as in the field, the filibuster expedition has proved to be one of the most melancholy failures recorded in history.

The great hospitals in Granada were far better arranged and attended than those in Virgin Bay. In these latter, while that village was the head-quarters of the army, after the destruction of Granada, I saw crowds of dying men, in the last extreme of degradation, such as Five Points would not have endured, lying upon boards, mostly without mattresses or pillows, and the beds and blankets of such as had them, alive with the larvæ of flesh flies; no food at all for these men, and among them many women and young lads, rolling and groaning in the agonies of fever. One by one the voices of this awful chorus were silenced during the night, and each morning gave its tale of putrefying corpses.

I will not describe now—what I myself saw—the fever tragedy of Ometepé; the sudden removal from Granada—previous to the burning—of some two hundred sick and wounded, dying and dead, laid along the decks of the Lake steamer; their landing without beds or available hospital stores upon the shore of the island, where, for want of help, a great number lay all night in the rain; how the natives fled before the ghastly crowd, that, pale and hunger-stricken, with hair on end, wandered in stupid delirium among the orange groves of enchanting Muigalpa; how they died here and there upon the ground; how more than a hundred American women and children were crowded into native huts; how by the pious care and tenderness of these women, many valuable lives were saved; how a few brave and devoted men, a Baldwin, a Doherty, a Livingston, toiled night and day to amend the neglect and indifference of others; and gentlemen delicately bred became beef butchers, soup boilers, and laborers, tending the sick, burying the dead, and performing the meanest offices out of mere compassion. Let us give a place in history, and in the affections of the people, to these true heroes, who did not the less perform the great duties of humanity and patriotism because at any moment their own lives might pay the forfeit.



PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

DEAR SIR,—As a regular reader of your spirited and enlightened journal (it is usual to say something of that kind, isn't it, when one is about to find fault?), I have been tempted, week after week, to express my disapprobation of one or two points that annoy me, among your otherwise very clever correspondents. Your masculine mistakes about feminine matters I have borne with too much patience, and your errors of judgment I have suffered to pass, thinking to myself, "Poor things! they'll know better when they have wives of their own!" But now that the sanctity of a New York idol is invaded, our most earnest enthusiasm perverted, and our most genuine admiration misunderstood, I can refrain no longer. I say nothing about your "Dead Secret," though it has kept me in suspense for the last two months, and I must own I fancied myself much nearer the solution of the mystery during the first numbers than I do now; when I am continually being introduced to new characters, who have apparently nothing at all to do with the matter that most interests me. But let that pass. I do believe the story *has* an end, if I only live to read it, and am not carried off prematurely by these repeated checks upon my curiosity. But there are some among your contributors, men every inch of them, who, with all their talents, can not refrain from that very human weakness of discussing what they know nothing about. One gentleman, in particular, has a tendency to enter upon criticisms of our toilets and costumes, describes materials (always in wrong terms); informs us that we are reckless and extravagant, and refers to sundry little details of our habits and expenses, as if he were thoroughly "posted up" on the subject, when it is obvious to the meanest (feminine) understanding that the man is not only an impostor but an ignoramus, and has clearly never been married at all. Some of us doubt whether he could possibly have had even a sister! The young and uninitiated of his own sex may perhaps take his remarks for gospel, knowing no better themselves, but I beg to state that *we* don't. We read them of course, smile at the mistakes, shake our heads at his inferences and the profound conclusions drawn from these false premises, and perhaps wax wroth under the dictatorial pomposity with which it is all done. But how ridiculous! The idea of any man in his senses telling us how to dress! What we ought to wear! How much we ought not to spend, and so forth! It almost makes me indignant, and it all ends, as these masculine animadversions invariably do, in that most mischievous and atrocious sophism: "Beauty, when unadorned, is adorned the most." Never, out of the Scriptures themselves, has any truth been more perverted and misapplied than this unlucky phrase: "Beauty, when unadorned, is adorned the most." Why, of course, as if every one did not know that! But I beg to doubt, if, acting on this inexpensive and charming mode, we should promenade Broadway in the simple and Eve-like condition implied—I must, I say, doubt whether our friends would consider their numerous objections fully answered by that quotation. It happens, in short, to be deemed necessary to wear *something*, and I don't think any gentleman I have yet seen, heard, or read of, is capable of deciding what that something or other ought to be. But the question is too profound, too solemn, and too important in its influences on mind, morals, manners, matrimony, and mankind, to be treated in this light and superficial way. My observations, therefore, must be delayed for the present, while I refer to another serious charge I have to make against your corps.

It is this: *They do not speak with sufficient deference* of the individual just now uppermost in our hearts, and whom I myself adore—I mean the divine Thalberg—that angel, whose wings are on his beloved fingers, and whom to see is to love! Now, none of your remarks upon this hero are of a tone that I like, and I must, therefore, enter an earnest protest against them. A breath of disparagement against this dear pianist, and I—(I was going to say, I cease to subscribe to your journal; but I remember now that I don't subscribe—my copy is only borrowed!) However, you know very well what I mean to say, and that is sufficient. Why is it that men never can endure to hear another creature (of their own gender) admired and made much of? As to us women, we may, perhaps, be making geese of ourselves, filling that little concert-room with our hoops and enthusiasm; crowding round the object of our affections when he has finished playing, and following his dear, quick, little steps down Broadway when he leaves us at the last. But I am quite convinced there is not one of you who wouldn't give his eyes to step into those same nicely-fitting little boots, and be, for the hour, darling M. Thalberg, the charming pianist! and that, too, notwithstanding the inconvenient pressure of the mob of worshipers. I myself have been, and intend always to be, a steady and faithful attendant at his temple (*Anglicé*, Dodsworth's dancing-room); and I can say, from experience, that we have conducted ourselves throughout with decorum and propriety.

Punctual to the moment enters M. Thalberg, gazing round upon us with a benevolent smile. I think he knows we are all adoring him. There are plenty of pretty faces among us. All his European concert-rooms could not, I am positive, furnish forth a prettier "four hundred," and he feels it. Those who are not pretty are at least "interesting" and "intelligent-looking," and we have, every one of us, very fine eyes. Now fancy these eight hundred eyes—varying in shape, size, and color, but alike in one expression of admiration—fancy them, each and all (none of us squint), bent intently on the monarch of the moment! The effect is electric, as you may think, and inspires the musician as he never was inspired before. He not only looks pleased and animated, but plays like an angel from heaven! Seriously, I have never heard him to greater advantage than in these delightful *matinées*. He seems to do his best for us; and so many bright eyes and so many dollars make it worth his while, don't they? We, on our part, have sometimes, perhaps, overstepped the modesty of nature, and clapped loudly and repeatedly, and some of us may take off our gloves in order to make more noise, and then, perhaps, we all laugh; but there end our demonstrations. Mr. T. is sometimes so satisfied with our behavior, that he sends the redoubtable Brown on the platform to announce his willingness to perform any additional piece that we may select. Then arises confusion. Some one wants the "Tarentella," some other "Home, sweet Home;" I think of something else I wish to hear, but haven't the courage to say so. Two or three daring spirits rise from their seats to give prominence to their utterances; but whatever we may have desired, deliciously he plays it! When the programme has been conscientiously completed, he perhaps obligingly consents to play again, and again the popular volition is as difficult to discover. Little murmurs, mingling with a few bolder voices, fill the air.

"What says the majority?" asks Thalberg, with just enough of accent to make him the more adorable. "Whatever the ladies like."

"Tarentella! Tarentella!" perhaps is the cry.

"Shall I play the Tarentella?" he inquires, with his most beaming smile.

"Yes, yes!" and then the Tarentella he plays, to our great pleasure, though I must say many of his compositions interest me more.

On the programme stand the words, "Intermission for lunch." At first we wondered whose lunch? Were we to look on while this dear creature refreshed the inner man? Were we to have any ourselves, or what? The mystery is solved by the appearance of a serious, but apparently reluctant procession, urged on from the rear by the pompous Brown. It consists of—

1st Darkey, in questionable livery, with a not very bright salver in his hands, whereon stand fairy cups of chocolate.

No. 2 Darkey, with cake-basket of the period, containing dice of pound-cake.

Darkey No. 3, carrying tray with minute ice-creams.

All three look solemn as midnight, spite of the school-girlish giggle that invariably salutes them. Unfortunately, those who occupy inner seats have not the slightest chance of testing these festive preparations, and for two excellent reasons; firstly, the sable gentlemen never come near enough to offer them any thing; and, secondly, after passing down two or three aisles of audience nothing remains to offer; for among his many miracles, M. Thalberg does not accomplish that of the loaves and fishes. The "Intermission," therefore, is spent by most of us, who have nothing to eat, in laughing at those who are more fortunate. So, with a good deal of amusement, and yet more of genuine enjoyment, our morning concerts pass away; and I, for one, am all impatience for the next. You see this dear Thalberg does every thing he can to please us, and how can we but adore him in return? Besides, doesn't he deserve it in every point of view? Your strictures and animadversions are all prompted by jealousy, and nothing else; but I am in a hurry this morning, and can't stop to prove it. So, good-by.

P.S.—You remember Mrs. Wilhorst used to sing at Thalberg's concerts, until a well-known contralto came out here to join him. Do you know why he gave up the former lady? Guess—Because he got angry (*D'Angri*)! Good, isn't it?

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

FLORENCE, *Jan.*, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Court-loving Americans in this gay capital are in a sad dilemma for their future presentations to the Grand Duke and Duchess and subsequent invitations to his balls, which are so choice and agreeable of their kind. Having no diplomatic representative here, it has been customary for the bankers, whom the Americans most frequented, to put them in the way of royal notice; but a new Chamberlain has been appointed, who says that is contrary to court rule, and he will no more of it. He requires, at the very least, a certificate of the respectability of the applicant from the nearest American official functionary, who, in this case, happens to be the United States Consul at Leghorn, an Italian. Of course, he can know little or nothing about the crowd of American travelers, few of whom even he ever sees; consequently he wishes to dodge the responsibility of universally whitewashing every Yankee who desires to figure at court. Between the Chamberlain and Consul our countrymen are likely to be thoroughly snubbed at the Ducal Palace. Why can not our new President, in so important a crisis, consult the feelings of his distressed female compatriots in Tuscany, and send them at least a paltry *Chargé d'Affaires*, to help them into the royal supper-room?

While referring to Court, it gives me pleasure to record a moral demonstration of the Florentines against the royal family, which shows how deep is their sense of being badly governed and denied the commonest political rights. On the 15th of last month the young Archduke brought home his Saxon bride. The government ordered a public reception. The entire garrison was paraded, and every thing done on their part to get up a great show. As the police required it, the windows in the streets through which the royal bride and bridegroom were to pass were hung with satin draperies; and, of course, the whole population turned out to see the sight. In the mean while the Liberal party secretly circulated hand-bills, calling upon the people to exhibit the only freedom left them by their tyrants, viz., the right to hold their tongues. They did so. Every command of the police was obeyed to the letter; but not a hat was raised, nor a shout uttered, nor any sign of welcome; but blank, sullen silence, from every quarter within my observation, and I hear it was so elsewhere. The people remarked among themselves the lady was well enough, but she was a hated German, and attended by a Jesuit confessor. The depth of the feeling against the present policy of the Italian governments, excepting Sardinia, is more perceptible in the boding silence of the public than the furious manifestoes of Mazzini.

The morality of the police is about as rational as their interference with the freedom of press and speech. A Protestant foreigner, living in a country place not far from here, kept a young woman of the country, nominally as housekeeper, etc., but the police interfered and took her away, on the ground that, being unmarried, she had no right to so dispose of herself. The foreigner went immediately into the market-place, and asked who wanted a hundred dollars? Of course, there was no lack of applicants. Selecting a young man, he told him his terms—immediately to marry this housekeeper, and never to see her afterward. He assented, was married; the bride went home with the foreigner, and the conscience of the police was appeased—the virtue of the wife being considered thenceforth in the sole charge of her husband. The same authorities that permit this will separate and imprison parties, one being Tuscan, if married only after the Protestant form, and persecute them to the fullest extent of Roman Catholic ecclesiastical law.

A pretty and affecting event occurred recently, which astonished the Catholic relations almost to the extent of a miracle. A lady lost two of her daughters, and had a third dangerously ill, but in another house, and who, from precautions, had not been informed of the death of her sisters. Just before her own death, she called to her her aunt, and others, and said, quite awake, "I see my two sisters in the air with the Madonna! Oh! how beautifully they are dressed, with wreaths of flowers in their hair! They are beckoning me to come! Yes, yes," said she, smiling, "I will be with you directly." And so in a few minutes she quietly closed her eyes forever. CICERONE.

MEN AND THINGS IN LONDON.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LONDON, *February* 13, 1857.

NIGHT SKATING SCENE.

IN my last, I promised to give some account of the doings of the Skating Club. On the evening of the day in which the cold had reached its greatest intensity, many thousands of persons assembled on the surface of the Serpentine River, accompanied by bands of music. A great many carried lighted torches, to throw light on dangerous places. The skaters carried "bull's-eye" lanterns, strapped round their waists. Immense numbers of persons assembled on the banks of the river, and on the bridge, to witness the novel sight—which forcibly reminded the spectator of the skating scene in Meyerbeer's Opera of the *Prophète*. The effect was most extraordinary; the lurid glare of the torches and flitting of the lanterns carried by the skaters, with the occasional flights of rockets, formed a spectacle that delighted every one. The affair was brought to a close by a splendid discharge of rockets, and the performance of the National Anthem by the bands.

BRITISH INSTITUTION EXHIBITION.

The British Institution has opened with its Annual Exhibition of Works by Modern Artists. One year's exhibition is so much like another, that the critic's office is narrowed to looking for innovators upon the dull track of mediocrity; this time he finds rare genius in the Scenes of Egypt, by Mr. Frank Dillon. The productions of this young artist are remarkable for their poetic feeling, and entire absence of conventional mannerism. The small fry of daubers sneer at his works, as those of an *amateur*; but Mr. Dillon is a true artist, and by his industry, and patient study of nature, puts to shame the feeble "studies" of the professional plodder.

COTTON SUPPLY QUESTION.

Manchester ponders on the "Cotton Supply" question, and trembles to think that it is dependent almost entirely upon one source of supply, and at the consequences to manufacturing interests, if by any accident that supply should fail. So every now and then the Chamber of Commerce discusses the important question of "new Cotton-fields." Ample resources of soil and climate exist in British India; and several attempts, attended by very feeble results, have at various times been made to establish new sources of supply. Now Demarara (which formerly yielded about 200,000 bales a year, but now next to nothing) and the Isle of Bourbon are brought into consideration. England consumes some 43,000 bales of cotton a week; about half of the total consumption of the world. Doubts exist if the United States can increase its supplies in equal ratio to the demand; but no doubt exists that England will always take all that America sends to her. Quixotic economists sometimes talk of being altogether independent of the States for a supply of this staple; but this is mere driveling. There are certain natural advantages in transit and conveyance, that must ever give superior command of the English market to the Southern planters.

ARE LIVERPOOL PACKET CAPTAINS CRUEL TO SAILORS?

Much scandal has been excited of late by the account published in the police reports of the cruelties to seamen on board American ships. The Liverpool Society for the Relief of Foreigners in Distress, has just published a report on the subject. It is a very clear and temperate document. It exonerates the captains from any participation in the cruelties committed; recommends that measures should be taken to remedy the evil, and especially to provide more adequately for the ready supply of seamen. Perhaps the most efficient means to this end would be to enact that every ship should take so many apprentices in proportion to its tonnage. But even here a difficulty may arise in providing a supply equal to the demand. At all events, it should be considered, whether a portion of pauper or orphan boys, at present an unproductive charge upon the country might not be bettered in their condition and prospects by being put on board our merchant ships, and there properly instructed. Certainly something should be done to remove the scandal —every American must feel his country suffers, in reading the terrible details of the Liverpool police reports. These cruelties appear to grow out of the incompetency of the miserable creatures pressed, under emergency, into the merchant service.

CANCER CURED BY AN AMERICAN PHYSICIAN.

An American physician—Dr. Fell, of New York—has earned a great reputation in London by his curative treatment of that fearful disease, cancer. Many well-accredited cases of complete cure have been effected; and lately, the authorities of Middlesex Hospital have placed the patients in that institution afflicted with this disease under the care of Dr. Fell. If success continues to attend the labors of this physician, which there is no reason to doubt, he may fairly be regarded as a benefactor of the human race. Cancer has been hitherto regarded as an incurable disease; and although we have occasionally been excited by announcements of a radical cure for cancer, the hopes raised have never before been realized. Therefore, all honor and fame to Dr. Fell!

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT IN PARLIAMENT.

The House of Commons has entered upon its duties with a most praiseworthy zeal, which it may be feared is too warm to last. Already it has taken up the questions, so important to the social weal, of Secondary Punishments, of Reformatories for Youthful Offenders, of Industrial Schools for Vagrant Children, etc. This evening, the Government will bring in a bill for the abolishment of that relic of barbarism—imprisonment for debt. This bill provides for the discrimination between unfortunate and dishonest debtors; the latter are to be punished by penal servitude on conviction; the former, to give up all their property to their creditors. If any dishonest disposal of their property can be proved, then they are to become amenable to the criminal law. There can be no doubt, that the power the creditor now wields of imprisoning a debtor, is generally used for purposes of spite or extortion, and in most cases utterly ruins the poor and unfortunate debtor. The arrest generally happens at the most critical moment in the victim's affairs; perhaps at the very turning-point to a better fortune. Incarceration cuts him off from all resources, adds fresh burdens to his already overburdened back; he loses character and position, and in too many cases is cut off from honest means of obtaining a livelihood, and becomes a rogue in self-defense. Its demoralizing influence is incalculable, its benefits altogether apocryphal.

CRIM. CON. TRIALS.

A new law of divorce is also before the House of Lords; and it is to be hoped that the great scandal of *Crim. Con.* actions for pecuniary damages may be wiped away. Such actions have been pronounced, on high authority, "useless," "inappropriate," "mischievous," "unjust," and "filthy."

The published details of such trials, however carefully and conscientiously censorship may be exercised, effect no other good, if good it may be called, than to tickle the palate of the lecherous and poison the imagination of the young. And the filthy details of such trials, in cases of divorce, are published three times over, as if one abomination of this kind was not sufficient. That such an abuse should retain a place in our system of jurisprudence, after the opinion of every man entitled to respect has for years been pronounced against it, can only be accounted for by the extraordinary adhesiveness of Englishmen to time-worn institutions. But it is now felt to be a "blot on the escutcheon," and will doubtless be speedily wiped away.

GRETNA GREEN ABOLISHED.

By the new marriage act, as relates to Scotland, the scandal of Gretna Green marriages, with all their miserable consequences, will now be done away with. In future, it will be necessary for one of the parties to a marriage to swear to a residence of fourteen days in the district before the marriage can be solemnized. There is now an end to most of the romance of elopements, which have so long served to embellish modern fiction, and to give employment to gentlemen of the long robe. This act is intimately connected with the law of divorce; and the progress of legislation in this direction, though slow and tardy, will be accepted as a boon by those who seek to remove some of our darkest social evils. Another measure, to which I may have occasion to advert when it comes before Parliament, is that of the rights of property in married women.

GENUINE BRITISH FIGURES.

The great question of Ways and Means comes before the House of Commons this evening; and it may be worth while to show some items from the national ledger: we deal with big figures. The total income of the United Kingdom for the year ending 30th September, 1856, amounted to £71,348,066, and the total expenditure to £88,307,477, leaving a deficit of £16,959,411. In the year ending 31st December last the income was £72,218,988, and the expenditure £82,323,400, leaving a deficit of £10,104,412, or less by £600,000 than at the end of the preceding quarter. The charge on the public debt was £28,625,517; the army and ordnance cost nearly as much, viz. £28,094,824; then the navy cost £17,608,995. Of the revenue, the customs yielded £23,093,300; the excise, £17,861,777; the income-tax, £15,940,330.

It is painful but instructive to observe that out of the 88 millions of money expended, no less than 74 millions go to pay for the interest of former wars, and for the support of the present means of defense.

Now I am dealing with figures, I may show some curious particulars connected with railroad traveling. The total number of passengers carried on the railways of the United Kingdom in 1856, was 125,000,000; of this number, 8 were killed and 282 injured. Compared with the accidents that occurred in 1852, there is a decrease; for in that year the number killed was 10, and injured 372, out of 89,000,000 passengers carried. It must be understood that the injuries received by passengers arose from causes beyond their own control. Others were injured through willfulness or carelessness, including some suicides.

PROSPECT OF THE SEASON.

Yesterday, the Court returned to London from Windsor, and the London "season" may be said to have fairly set in. To the sitting of Parliament only the presence of the Court was required to fill up the measure of that important element of an *annus mirabilis*. The prospect is more exciting and more cheerful than usual at this period of the year. Two events of equal importance are looked for—a General Election and an addition to the Royal Family. John Bull, usually atrabilious from looking over his Christmas bills, is radiant with joy at the almost certain prospect of the removal of the war-tax. An enormous reduction has been made in the army and navy estimates, and the objectionable "nine-pence" levied on income as a war-tax, and yielding some sixteen millions a year, will doubtless be removed. This important measure will give relief to many branches of industry, at present suffering depression from the burden of oppressive taxation. Commerce is as active and as thriving as ever, but many branches of industry, especially building, are stagnant. Many thousands of workmen continue unemployed. One poor-law union in London has relieved upward of 5000 laboring men; but this relief is of the scantiest kind, and can hardly be said to mitigate the immense amount of distress that now prevails.

CHIPS FROM OUR LIBRARY.

A CHANCE MEDLEY OF FACT, SENTIMENT, AND ANECDOTE.

A FORGOTTEN PLEASANTRY.

Richard Twiss, the father of the late **Horace Twiss**, was a pleasant English gentleman of the last century, who wrote a couple of curious volumes "On Chess," and published an account of his travels in Portugal, Spain, and in Ireland. He was not the dullest book-maker, jotting down what came uppermost, giving free vent to his observations and sensations. His book on Ireland, commenting freely on the manners of the people, drew down upon him a couple of clever poetical epistles of the satirical class, decidedly too well written to pass into oblivion. They were by **William Preston**, an accomplished poet and miscellaneous writer, of Dublin. Twiss, in his Travels in Spain, celebrated the charms of a certain agreeable Donna **Teresa Pinna y Ruiz**, in whose house he seems to have been domesticated for the time. **Preston** seized upon this to address "An Heroic Epistle" from the lady to the traveler, illustrated by choice bits of marvels from the "Travels." The deserted Ariadne upbraids the departed swain:

> Ye western winds, from ocean's bosom rise,
> And bear to perjured Twiss his Pinna's sighs!
>
> * * * * * * * * *
>
> Fly, fly, my nightingale, the tale to bear;
> Or thou, my parrot, pour it on his ear:
> Ah! could my monkey swim the watery way,
> And grin my woes, and chide his long delay!
>
> * * * * * * * * *
>
> Ne'er from guitar such tones could Pinna bring,
> As when her Twiss attun'd the vocal string.
> The strings you finger'd glow'd with many a kiss,
> And groves of citron heard the name of Twiss.

The lover entertains the fair one with an account of the ladies at home:

> And graceful oft extended at my feet,
> And gazing up with looks so fond, so sweet,
> He talk'd—how British dames on tea regale,
> Build the high head, or drag the sweeping tail;
> Of tinsel'd rose in silken slippers worn,
> And ostrich plumes that powder'd locks adorn;
> That flounce exploded quits the beauteous arm,
> And spreading hoops expand the power to charm;
> While Fashion waves her wand the stays to sink,
> And greedy eyes the full-orb'd bosom drink.
> Their cards, their tickets, what devices grace,
> Their gowns what trimmings, and their caps what lace.

Twiss, it appears, proposed to embellish his Irish book with a catalogue of native beauties, arranged according to their various charms, which, of course, does not escape the jealous **Pinna**:

> Dost thou thy muster-roll of beauties frame,
> And call to judgment each aspiring dame?
> A second Paris! on thy dread commands,
> In naked glory wait the shining bands;
> A thousand nymphs, Ierne's proudest boast,
> A thousand nymphs, and every nymph a toast,
> While nice discernment, in impartial scale,
> The tooth of Phillis weighs with Mira's nail,
> Adjusts the credit and the debt of charms,
> The legs of Portia with Calista's arms;
> Blondina's lily with Belinda's rose,
> And Laura's pretty foot with Flavia's nose.

To keep alive the joke, **Preston** published "An Heroic Answer from **Richard Twiss**," in which (appeasing the fair **Pinna**) he includes the traveler's items of the disagreeables of Ireland. We meet, among other things, with the custom of the mouth and finger glass at table, which we had supposed a much later novelty of the French. This was about 1775:

> Each moment bade some indecorum rise,
> Some beastly custom shock'd my tortur'd eyes.
> Heavens! how I tremble, chill'd with panic fear,
> When water-glasses at the board appear!
> How shall the hapless traveler 'scape undrown'd,
> When direful females spout the table round.
> Yes, Pinna, yes; conceive the foul disgrace;
> A mouthful oft was spirted in my face.
> Thus, when a storm has plow'd the watery way,
> And whales, in fullness of their bellies, play,
> A thousand nostrils seem to threat the sky,
> And lab'ring barks the spouting deluge fly.

The passage is curious, and may be of interest, in connection with another recently quoted in this journal (ante p. 21) from that clever volume, **Doré**, *by a Stroller in Europe*.

NOBILITY AND HAPPINESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity, in the language of **Bishop Berkeley**, in his "Alciphron," "neither enjoins the nastiness of the Cynic nor the insensibility of the Stoic. Can there be a higher ambition than to overcome the world, or a wiser than to subdue ourselves, or a more comfortable doctrine than the remission of sins, or a more joyful prospect than that of having our base nature renewed and assimilated to the Deity—our being made fellow-citizens with Angels and Sons of God? Did ever Pythagoreans, or Platonists, or Stoics, even in idea or in wish, propose to the mind of man purer means or a nobler end? How great a share of happiness depends upon Hope! How totally is this extinguished by the minute [infidel] philosophy? On the other hand, how is it cherished and raised by the Gospel! Let any one who thinks in earnest but consider these things, and then say which he thinks deserveth best of mankind—he who recommends, or he who runs down Christianity? Which he thinks likeliest to lead a happy life, to be a hopeful son, an honest dealer, a worthy patriot—he who sincerely believes the Gospel, or he who believes not one tittle of it? He who aims at being a child of God, or he who is contented to be thought, and to be, one of Epicurus's hogs?"

A SCORE OF PROVERBS.

There are few things more noticeable in the old English authors of the seventeenth century than their habit of sententiousness. Their wit and wisdom, under the pressure of a hearty conscience and a powerful understanding, are constantly condensing into proverbial expression. **Bacon's** Essays are aggregates of proverbs; so are many of the writings of **Bishop Hall**; **Fuller** is as prolific in these utterances as Sancho Panza; and the divine poems of **Herbert** are seasoned with these homely flavors. His poem, "The Church Porch," is as devout as **Jeremy Taylor**, and as worldly-practical as **Benjamin Franklin**. Poor Richard could have quoted this of debt:

> By no means run in debt: take thine own measure.
> Who can not live on twenty pounds a year,
> Can not on forty: he's a man of pleasure,
> A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.

Or this on suretyship, and the duty to one's family:

> Be not surety, if thou be a father,
> Love is a personal debt. I can not give
> My children's right, nor ought he take it: rather
> Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.
> Fathers first enter bonds to Nature's ends,
> And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's.

Bacon made a collection of Aphorisms of the Ancients. **Herbert** has left us one still choicer, entitled "Jacula Prudentum; or, Outlandish Proverbs, Sentences, etc." We shall, from time to time, present the more striking of these, either for their fancy, quaintness of expression, or subtle truthfulness. A score, at any one time, will furnish abundant condiment to our weekly literary miscellany. Each of the following might be expanded to an essay or a lecture:

He begins to die that quits his desires.
A handful of good life is better than a bushel of learning.
He that studies his content wants it.
He that stumbles and falls not, mends his pace.
A good bargain is a pick-purse.
The scalded dog fears cold water.
Light burdens, long borne, grow heavy.
A fat housekeeper makes lean executors.
He lives unsafely that looks too near on things.
A crooked log makes a straight fire.
Nothing is to be presumed on or despaired of.
Never had ill workman good tools.
When a dog is a-drowning every one offers him drink.
He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea.
An old wise man's shadow is better than a young buzzard's sword.
I gave the mouse a hole, and she is become my heir.
The chicken is the country's, but the city eats it.
Love your neighbor, yet pull not down your hedge.
Men speak of the Fair
As things went with them there.
The best remedy against an ill man is much ground between both.

SECRET OF AUTHORSHIP.

"I do not wonder," says **Hazlitt**, "at any quantity that an author is said to have written; for the more a man writes, the more he can write."

EPIGRAPH, BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,

In his "Last Fruit off an old Tree."

> I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
> Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

ANGER OF A GOOD-NATURED MAN.

"There are, I believe," says the late **Hugh Miller** in his Autobiography, "few things more formidable than the unwonted anger of a good-natured man."

LAW AND PLEASURE.

Lord Ellenborough, once showing some impatience at a barrister's speech, the gentleman paused, and said, "Is it the pleasure of the Court that I should proceed with my statement?" "Pleasure, Sir," was the reply, "has been out of the question for a long time, but you may proceed."

BEGGARS.

"'Tis unpleasant," says **Charles Lamb**, "to meet a beggar. It is painful to deny him; and, if you relieve him, it is so much out of your pocket."

A WIT'S PRIVILEGE.

Pope said it was the greatest advantage he knew of being thought a wit by the world, that it gave one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

OVER-NICE OBSERVATION.

It was another saying by **Pope** that "a person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labor of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity."

LITERARY.

Whaling and Fishing, *by Charles Nordhoff*, Author of "Man-of-War Life;" "The Merchant Vessel." Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys, & Co.

They that go down to the sea in ships have no less opportunity for interesting observation now than in ancient times. Many of the most readable and most valuable books that we have are the product of intelligent minds at sea. The volume before us belongs to this class. Mr. Nordhoff, young, full of the spirit of adventure, with a keen, observing intellect, an appreciation of every phase in which life or the world might present itself, shipped at New Bedford for a whaling voyage from that oily port, and for some years was blown and tossed around the globe. Whatever his fate, he never lost his good-nature, or the ability to sketch with a free, graceful, and oftentimes dashing pencil, the scenes in which he found himself. The result is a lively and spirited book of adventure, in which truth is never sacrificed to desire for excitement, nor pure English forgotten in rapid description of incident. This is the third of Mr. Nordhoff's volumes of sea sketches, and is soon to be followed by a fourth, which will be welcomed as a book whose literary character is insured by its predecessors.

The American Citizen; his Rights and Duties, according to the Spirit of the Constitution of the United States, *by John Henry Hopkins, D.D.*, etc. New York: Pudney & Russell.

The name of Bishop Hopkins will be sufficient to indicate the valuable character of this work. Its design is elaborate, and laboriously carried out. The first chapters are devoted to the proposition that our Constitution recognizes and requires religion as the qualification of a citizen; and that this religion must be the Christian, and no other. Following this, the learned author treats of the religious duties and rights of American citizens, and with great skill and tact applies the maxims and doctrines of Cicero to the men of this age and country.

Six chapters of the book are devoted to the subject of slavery, and these will possess special interest even to those who do not agree with the reverend author, for their bold, frank statement of his views of slavery, and the duties of Christian citizens with reference to it. His argument, that slavery is a blessing to the slave, based on a comparison of the present condition of the race with their former condition in Africa—not with the condition of the whites, which he holds to be an erroneous comparison—is novel and striking.

These, however, are but a small portion of the volume, the larger part of which is devoted to advice, instruction, and suggestions on all the ordinary public and private relations in which Americans are likely to be situated, to which the Bishop brings the experience of long life, a logical mind, and a perception of the tastes and proclivities of youth, and especially of Young America. So that his work possesses at once immediate and personal interest, as well as lasting value.

The Lives, Acts, and Martyrdoms of the Apostles of our Saviour; to which are added Lives of the Evangelists Mark and Luke, *by William Cave, D.D.*, Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles the Second. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Carter & Brothers.

These are most valuable volumes, nor is there any thing more striking in literary history than this reproduction, in two small duodecimos, at very moderate price, of Dr. Cave's ponderous folio of the seventeenth century. The value of the book, indeed, is thus exhibited. The author, by the peculiar direction of his studies, was better fitted for this work than any other person before or since. His ECCLESIASTICI; or, Lives of the Fathers of the Fourth Century, and more especially his SCRIPTORUM ECCLESIASTICORUM HISTORIA LITERARIA, in two folio volumes, have always ranked, as books of theological reference, above all works of similar character. But lest any one should suppose, from what we have written, that the volumes which the Carters now publish are of a dull, dry, learned character, it is proper to add that they are certainly learned, but far from dry. The history of the lives of the Apostles, as recorded in the New Testament, is very brief and unsatisfactory. Many incidents relating to them, however, are found in the writings of the early Fathers; and to sift these writings, reserving the good and reliable, and rejecting the interpolations and foolish or false traditions of a corrupt Church, required a judicious and a learned man. Possibly Dr. Cave erred in his judgment, and may have taken for truth what was only tradition—as in the burial-place of Paul, and his martyrdom with, or near the time of Peter—but these unimportant matters do not detract from the deep interest that we take in reading, even in this quaint old style and language, the history of the Apostles, Martyrs, and men that nearly all churches are accustomed to call saints. The most unlearned reader will be glad of the opportunity of making a more familiar acquaintance with the incidents of birth, life, labor, travel, death, and burial of these Fathers. Such opportunity these volumes afford.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE, which makes its monthly appearance, has become as much of a necessity in America as Bradshaw is in England or on the Continent, while its style puts to shame that dingy publication.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* sends to that paper a ballad which affords curious illustration of the taste of a portion of the population of London. Bad as we are in some classes of our society, we venture to say that not ten persons could be found to buy or sing such stuff in New York or America:—

Alas! I am convicted, there's no one to blame—
I suppose you all know Leopold Redpath is my name;
I have one consolation, perhaps I've more,
All the days of my life *I ne'er injured the poor.*
I procured for the widow and orphan their bread,
The naked I clothed and the hungry I fed;
But still I am sentenced, you must understand,
Because I had broken the laws of the land.

A last fond adieu to my heart-broken wife—
Leopold Redpath, your husband's transported for life;
Providence will protect you, love, do not deplore,
Since your husband never hurted or injured the poor.

DR. MACKAY has published a volume of poems with the fresh and summery title, "Under Green Leaves." "The Trees," one of these songs, would make the reader fancy himself under their branches. Here are some stanzas from it:

If you could dance when Orpheus piped,
  Ye oaks, and elms, and beeches,
Try, when a man of modern time
  Your courtesy beseeches.
'Twas but his fancy! Well, 'tis mine—
  So do your best endeavor;
The facts of History pass away,
  The thoughts may live forever.

* * * * * * *

Come, Father Oak, so old and staid,
  But vigorous and hearty,
Shake off the soberness of years,
  And join the merry party.
'Tis not becoming? Harmless mirth
  Takes no account of ages—
So, Monarch of the Woods, unbend,
  And frolic with your pages!

* * * * * * *

Ye damsel Birches, slim and fair,
  And capersome as misses
Who've just come home from boarding-school,
  And dream of love and kisses,
I know you're ready; come away,
  With silver-braided kyrtles,
And taper limbs, and flowing hair,
  And breath as sweet as myrtles.

Ye Firs and Larches, rough as lads
  Let loose from School or College;
Ye Poplars, stiff as men on 'Change,
  Forget your cram of knowledge.
You're no such beauties of yourselves,
  But every tree an aid is—
And you'll improve in elegance
  By contact with the ladies.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

Calvin Blanchard.
A Plea for Pantheism. By John S. Hittell. 1 vol.

Dana & Co.
Designs for Parish Churches, in the three styles of English Church Architecture; with Illustrations. By J. Coleman Hart, Architect. 1 vol. 8vo, $4.

Dayton & Burdick.
Uncle Frank's Pleasant Pages for the Fireside: a Miscellany. 1 vol. 12mo, $1.

BOSTON.

Little, Brown, & Co.
Digest of English Reports: the Decisions of the English Courts contained in the English Law and Equity Reports, from volume 1 to volume 31, inclusive. By Chauncey Smith, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo, $5 50.

Ticknor & Fields.
Waverley. By Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols. 16mo, $1 50.

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T. K. & P. G. Collins.
Fidelity to Truth; or, What Church shall I Join? A Discourse by Rev. Francis Hodgson, D.D. 1 vol. 18mo, 15 cents.

CINCINNATI.

John P. Walsh.
A Vindication of the Irish and the Papal States: republished from the *Dublin Review*. 1 vol. 32mo, 25 cents.

PROVIDENCE.

A. C. Greene & Brother.
Twelfth Annual Report of the Commissioners of Public Schools in Rhode Island. By Robert Allyn, Commissioner of Public Schools. Paper.

NASHVILLE.

Southern Baptist Publication Society.
Adventures and Missionary Labors in several Countries in the Interior of Africa, from 1849 to 1856. By T. J. Bowen. 1 vol. 12mo, $1.

DETROIT.

H. Barnes.
An Address on Public Education. By Henry Tappan, President of the University of Michigan. Paper, 40 cents.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE INAUGURATION.

JAMES BUCHANAN was inaugurated President of the United States, at Washington, on Wednesday, March 4.

JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.

On Monday the 2d, the new President was escorted from Wheatland by the people of Lancaster. The morning was bitter cold, and considerable snow had fallen during the night, so that it was at first expected that the procession would be small. About six o'clock, the bells of all the churches, the court-house, fire companies, etc., commenced ringing, and continued for almost half an hour, added to which, the cannon occasionally boomed from College Hill. The procession started about seven, with the Mayor of Lancaster at the head, and proceeded toward Wheatland. The wind was so bitterly cold as to stop them at times. The musicians—who were seated in a large carriage drawn by ten white horses, provided for the purpose by Mr. Suter—after playing one or two tunes, were unable to perform any more, and some of them were compelled to get out of the conveyance and walk, to keep themselves warm.

At Wheatland, they were received by the President-elect with that blandness of manner that distinguishes him. He expressed his regret that they should have put themselves to so much inconvenience and discomfort for his sake.

At Wheatland the procession was compelled to wait for about a quarter of an hour, to enable Mr. Buchanan to arrange some private matters, at which he had been engaged previous to their arrival, and during this time the anxiety to see him was manifested by the eagerness with which the crowd gathered upon the porch and around the door, all struggling to the utmost to catch the first glimpse of the President. The private carriage which was to convey the President having been driven up to the door, a rush was made for it, and the principal portion of the people were soon pressed so close to it as almost to prevent the necessary movements of its driver.

Presently, Mr. Buchanan was seen to issue from a door in one of the wings of the house, where he bade farewell to all the members of his household, and in company with his niece, Miss Lane, took his seat in the carriage. Quite a number here shook hands with him, and in response to the greetings of many, he politely returned the compliment.

The procession then returned with the President to Lancaster.

Arrived opposite College Hill, the cannon again pealed forth its thunders, and shook the buildings with its report. A large number of citizens came out from the city some distance to meet the procession, and fell into line. As it proceeded along West King, the additions became very numerous, and the body was strung out to a great length, numbering over 2000 persons.

All along the line of this street vast crowds of people were stretched, all desirous of showing their approbation of the man who was so soon to be elevated to the highest post in the nation, while the ladies in great numbers crowded the windows and balconies of the houses, waving their handkerchiefs.

As Mr. Buchanan changed from the carriage to the cars, the pressure to get a sight of him was even greater than before, and many rushed up to bid him adieu. He seemed to be greatly affected, and answered all their congratulations with an earnestness and sincerity that showed he felt what he said. After he had been seated at the window of the car, he again shook hands with numbers, who pressed up to do so. As the train moved off, he politely returned the demonstrations of respect, in return to which the crowd sent up cheer after cheer, that plainly showed there was nothing but the heart-felt outpourings of its sentiments at work.

At every station the President-elect was welcomed with enthusiasm, and his cortége swelled by citizens and military companies. On his arrival at Washington he entered a barouche and was driven to the National, where he declined to receive visitors. He reserved the whole day of Tuesday to himself likewise.

THE PROCESSION TO THE CAPITOL.

Every body was astir early on Wednesday morning, 4th. Pennsylvania Avenue presented a most animated appearance. Flags waved from all the hotels and public buildings, and from many private houses. The movements of military companies, preparing to take their places in the line of procession, gave a particularly lively character to the scene. The procession, mustered by two hundred marshals with yellow scarfs and blue saddle-cloths, moved toward the Capitol at noon. On reaching the National Hotel there was a halt, and, after a short delay, an elegant barouche, drawn by four horses, containing the President and the President-elect, joined the procession immediately in the rear of the military. The Vice-President elect was also in an open carriage, with several other gentlemen, and the two carriages were surrounded by the Keystone Club, preceded by the military. Immediately in front of the President was the Liberty Car, surmounted by a high pedestal upon which stood the Goddess of Liberty, magnificently attired, and supported by a liberty pole fifty feet high, and drawn by six horses.

He was followed by a full-rigged ship, made by the mechanics at the Washington Navy Yard, drawn by horses. As the pageant moved along, the sailors were engaged in the rigging and on deck, in their various duties, as if at sea.

Arrived at the entrance to the Capitol the column halted, the military faced inward, presenting arms to the President as the carriage passed through the lines, the President standing and acknowledging the salute and the cheers of the multitude. Here the President-elect was received by Senators Pearce, Bigler, and Foot—the committee appointed for the purpose—and conducted to the Senate Chamber, where he arrived at about 1 o'clock P.M.

DELIVERY OF THE INAUGURAL.

After the assembling of the Senate, the Foreign Ministers and Judges of the Supreme Court entered the chamber, and were followed from the Vice-President's room by the President and President-elect, who took the seats provided for them. Members of Congress occupied the eastern lobby. The Vice-President having been sworn in, the President and President-elect, followed by the Senate, diplomatic body, etc., proceeded to the east front of the Capitol. Mr. Buchanan then read his inaugural address, an analysis of which will be found elsewhere. At the conclusion of the address the oath was administered in the usual form by Chief Justice Taney. Mr. Buchanan was then accompanied to the White House by Mr. Pierce and a numerous cortége.

THE BALL.

In the evening Mr. Buchanan's inauguration was celebrated by the greatest ball ever given at Washington. It took place in a rough wooden building erected for the purpose on Judiciary Square, adjoining the City Hall. The temporary structure was 235 feet long, 56 feet wide, and 20 feet high. A supper-room, 22 feet wide, ran alongside of the ball-room, forming an independent apartment. The outside of the building presented a very uninviting appearance, being strongly suggestive of the shanties erected at fairs and agricultural shows for the accommodation of a sudden rush, and with a view to being again suddenly resolved into their white pine elements; but on entering the building a different scene met the eye. The ceiling was a pure white ground, studded with golden stars, and the wall decorations were of the national red, white, and blue. The adjoining rooms in the City Hall were fitted up to afford dressing rooms for the ladies. The decorations of the ball-room were in very excellent taste, and the scene, when the vast apartment was lighted up, and the floor was swarming with gayly-dressed crowds, was grand and striking. The Committee had sufficient foresight to provide a proper illuminating medium by having innumerable gas-jets and a number of chandeliers introduced.

Mr. Buchanan arrived about ten, accompanied by his niece, Miss Lane, who is to preside at the White House. He was received by Mayor Magruder, and as he descended the stairway from the gallery, the band announced his arrival by striking up "Hail to the Chief!" The President looked well, although a shade of anxious thought appeared at times to cross his fine countenance. He wore, of course, the Lancaster-made suit, of which, with its hidden stitching, we have all heard. Miss Lane is rather below the medium height, but has a fine figure, and is of that blonde Saxon type of beauty so familiar to Christendom since the multiplication of portraits of Queen Victoria. She wore a white dress trimmed with artificial flowers similar to those which ornamented her hair, and clasping her throat was a necklace of many strands of seed pearls. She was escorted by Senator Jones, and behind her, in full uniform, walked the veteran General Jessup. Having walked through the ball-room, the President retired; and the 15,000 guests proceeded to enjoy their dance and their supper. The latter is said to have been very fair for a country town. Among the items of the bill of fare were $3000 worth of wine, 400 gallons of oysters, 500 quarts of chicken salad, 1200 quarts of ice-cream, 500 quarts of jellies, 60 saddles of mutton, 4 of venison, 8 rounds of beef, 75 hams, 125 tongues, besides patés of various kinds. At the head of the table was a pyramid of cake four feet high, with a flag of each State and Territory, with the coat of arms of each printed on it.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 2d March, in the United States Senate, resolutions of the Legislature of Michigan respecting slavery were presented by Mr. Cass. A report was received from the Judiciary Committee, explaining the Congressional Compensation Act. The credentials of Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, and Senator Bright, of Indiana, were presented. An amendment to the Army Bill, allowing General Scott arrears of salary, was passed. A resolution providing for the taking of testimony in the Indiana contested election case, was laid on the table. The House Post Route Bill was passed. So was the bill reported by the Committee of Conference on the Tariff. In the House, same day, a motion to suspend the rule, in order to take up the Senate bill, appropriating $2,000,000 for the construction of ships of war, failed for want of the two-thirds majority. A bill providing for the deposit with the States of all surplus revenue over $2,000,000 was passed. The Tariff Bill reported from the Committee of Conference was passed.—On Tuesday, in the Senate, the Fortification, Navy, Civil Appropriation Bills were passed. In the House, the Senate's amendments to the bill providing for mails between Mississippi and San Francisco were agreed to; the Senate bill perfecting the home valuation principle in the tariff of 1846; the Senate bill dividing Missouri into two judicial districts; the various appropriation bills, and many private bills, were passed. The Committee appointed to notify Messrs. Buchanan and Breckinridge of their election, reported that they had done so. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Speaker Banks for the manner in which he had discharged his duties.

On Thursday the Senate, in extra session, appointed a committee to wait upon the President to notify him that the Senate was ready to receive any communication he might have to make. Some other business of minor importance was transacted. On Friday, Senator Seward presented a petition from certain British subjects, asking Congress to withhold its sanction from any convention with Great Britain founded on the Paris Declaration relative to maritime warfare. A petition against the election of Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, was presented by Senator Bigler. The Senate then went into executive session. The following nominations were received from the President, and unanimously confirmed:

Secretary of State.
Hon. Lewis Cass, of Michigan.

Secretary of the Treasury.
Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia.

Secretary of War.
Hon. John B. Floyd, of Virginia.

Secretary of the Navy.
Hon. Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut.

Secretary of the Interior.
Hon. Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi.

Attorney-General.
Judge Black, of Pennsylvania.

Postmaster-General.
Hon. Aaron V. Brown, of Tennessee.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Ex-President Pierce is staying at Governor Marcy's for the present; he is soon to start on his Southern tour. Mrs. Pierce is still suffering; her husband made this his excuse for not attending the inauguration ball.

It is said, by-the way, that though the tickets were sold at $10—cheap enough, too, considering their size; they resembled a folio volume—the managers are $5000 out of pocket by the festivities. It will be charged to profit and loss on office-seeking.

On Tuesday, Mr. Pierce received the usual P. P. C. visits. Mayor Magruder said what might have been expected. The clerks in the government offices were unctuous in their adieus. Poor fellows! that [illegible]tion principle is a dreadful thing to think of.

At the last presidential levee, on Friday, the pick-pockets did a very large business. Dozens of office-seekers and politicians lost their pocket books. It is sad to think that the success of the rascals should have cost poor Mr. Hume his life. His homicide was noticed in our last number. Mr. Lee has given himself up, the Coroner's jury having found that the deceased came to his death by a pistol-shot fired by Lee. This beating and pistol-firing will cost us all dear some day.

Apropos of levees, Mrs. Jefferson Davis's reception on Monday was, they say, the great success of the season. She was determined that the administration should go out in a bouquet of fire-works.

The *Union* newspaper has passed from the hands of Mr. Nicholson to those of Mr. John Appleton, of Maine. Mr. Appleton proposes to improve it. This will be easy enough. No doubt Mr. Appleton will make it what it ought to be—a great national, philosophical organ of opinion, serving to enlighten, not to disgrace, the country, and to give the lead to the public mind. The opportunity is splendid: fortunate Mr. Appleton!

Among the unfinished work of last session of Congress we may mention the following treaties unconfirmed and measures before Congress: The Dallas, Mexican, and the Persian treaties; the River and Harbor bills; all the new steamship bills; New York Fire bill; all but two of the land-plundering schemes; Distribution of the surplus revenue; George P. Marsh's diplomatic claim; all the patent cases; the revision of the revenue laws.

The public is not excited about the new Cabinet. People can think of them without any paroxysms of emotion. It seems to be understood that Mr. Cobb is to be the chief, Mr. Cass being merely a lay figure. Of the other gentlemen few people know any thing but their names. Mr. Glancy Jones, it will be perceived, is not included. At the last moment, his patriotism overwhelmed him and he refused to take even the Post-office. It is whispered that Mr. Buchanan went down on his knees to him, and offered him any or all the Foreign Missions; but Mr. Jones was obdurate, and refused them too. Impudent persons, however, insist that, with proper persuasion, Mr. Jones may be induced to relent from this dreadful resolution.

It seems that, on their way to Washington, two of the political pilgrims were nearly making away with one another. In the cars, Mr. Samuel Butterworth, Superintendent of the New York Assay Office, was shot in his thigh by the accidental discharge of a pistol, in the pocket of Mr. Isaac V. Fowler, the Postmaster of New York City, his traveling companion to the Inauguration.

On Friday, 7th, President Buchanan gave his first levee. The spacious apartments of the executive mansion were filled with a dense crowd of ladies and gentlemen, who were individually presented by Marshal Hoover to President Buchanan, and cordially received. Miss Lane (a niece of the President, who will dispense the hospitalities of the executive mansion) also received the salutations of the throng, and those present of the gentlemen who compose the new Cabinet were warmly congratulated by their numerous friends. Prominent among the distinguished citizens was ex-President Pierce.

THE PRESIDENT NEARLY POISONED BY RATS.

When Mr. Buchanan went to Washington, he put up at the National House, where J. Glancy Jones, John L. Dawson, and others were stopping. It appears that this hotel has been terribly infested with rats of late, and one of the boarders—as the story goes—conceived the idea that they ought to be disposed of effectually before the day of inauguration. Accordingly, he procured extra large doses of arsenic, which he disposed of in the most tempting manner about the house. The rats ate the poison. It is well known that when rats partake of arsenic they put directly for water. There is a large tank of water in the upper part of the hotel referred to, and into this the host of rats plunged, drank, burst, and died. From this tank the house is supplied with water for drinking and cooking purposes.

Twenty or thirty of the guests were suddenly, and some of them severely affected, from the use of water thus impregnated with the poison. Mr. Buchanan left suddenly for Wheatland, where he arrived suffering severely from diarrhœa. He was, however, less severely affected than the others, and in a short time recovered sufficiently to receive visitors—but the fatigue incident to entertaining two or three hundred persons, made it absolutely necessary for him to husband his strength by refusing to see any but his most intimate personal friends—a rule which was rigidly observed up to the hour of his departure. The other guests have suffered more severely. One has died, and another is believed to be in danger of his life.

THE JUDGMENT IN THE DRED SCOTT CASE.

This long-expected judgment has been delivered. Chief Justice Taney, expressing the views of the majority of the Court, decided that as the legal condition of a slave in the State of Missouri is not affected by the temporary sojourn of such slave in any other State, but on his return his condition still depends on the laws of Missouri, and as the plaintiff was not a citizen of Missouri, he therefore could not sue in the Courts of the United States. The suit was dismissed for want of jurisdiction.

Incidentally the following points were also decided:

First, Negroes, whether slave or free, that is, men of the African race, are not citizens of the United States by the Constitution.

Second, The Ordinance of 1787 had no independent constitutional force or legal effect subsequently to the adoption of the Constitution, and could not operate of itself to confer freedom or citizenship within the Northwest Territory on negroes not citizens by the Constitution.

Third, The provisions of the Act of 1820, commonly called the Missouri Compromise, in so far as it undertook to exclude negro slavery from, and communicate freedom and citizenship to, negroes in the northern part of the Louisiana cession, was a Legislative act exceeding the powers of Congress, and void, and of no legal effect to that end.

Judge Curtis dissented in part, and Judge M'Lean *in toto*, from the decision.

THE NEW TARIFF.

The new tariff, passed just as Congress closed its labors, effects the following changes in the schedules enumerated in the tariff of 1846:

Schedule.	Tariff of 1846.	Tariff of 1857.
A	100	60
B	40	30
C	30	24
D	25	19
E	20	15
F	15	12
G	10	8
H	5	4
I	Free.	Free.

Among other changes, we note the following: Wool, all under twenty per cent. at the port of exportation, free; all over that amount, twenty-four per cent.; tobacco and manufactured tobacco fall twenty per cent. from the old rates; hemp of all kinds falls twenty per cent.; wines, spirits, and cordials, fall to thirty per cent.; books, as merchandise, reduced twenty per cent.; flannels and blankets reduced twenty per cent.; linseed, free; flaxseed reduced twenty per cent.; sugar and iron fixed at twenty-four per cent; bleached, printed, or dyed cotton and delaines, twenty-four per cent.; all others, nineteen per cent.

DR. KANE'S DOG.

The famous Arctic Dog brought home by Dr. Kane has become the property of James M'Arthur, timber dealer in Oramel. The recently intense cold weather has kept this large, black, shaggy animal in high spirits. When they take him into the forest among the timber-hewers, where he can do no harm, and remove his muzzle, he cuts all sorts of pranks, seeking the deepest drifts, and actually burying himself for delight; you can see the dry snow move, but no semblance of a dog, till on a sudden out he pops, giving his hairy fleece a tremendous shake, and away he runs for another dive. Mr. M'Arthur calls him "Es-ki-mo" (Esquimaux), not a very smooth name, but characteristic. To look "Esk" fair in the face, you see almost a likeness of a black bear, though his eyes are rather languid. His long, soft, shaggy covering is nearly equal in bulk to his body. When left to run at large in the village, he wears a muzzle to prevent his destroying the pigs and chickens.

KANSAS.

The Kansas Legislature passed a bill for taking the census and for calling a convention to frame a constitution. Governor Geary vetoed it. The Legislature passed it over his head by a unanimous vote.

DUEL AT NEW ORLEANS.

The Mr. Breckenridge who, in 1855, fought a duel with Mr. Leavenworth of this city and lamed him, has just fought a duel with Mr. Nixon, editor of the New Orleans *Crescent*, and received precisely the same kind of a wound that he inflicted on Leavenworth, being, at the second fire, shot in both thighs.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM WAS MARRIED TO DR. BURDELL.

From evidence given on Tuesday by the Rev. Uriah Marvine, before the Surrogate, it seems established beyond reasonable question that Mrs. Cunningham was the wife of Dr. Burdell, who married her in Dr. Marvine's house in the presence of Miss Cunningham, as stated by that lady and her mother on the inquest.

A RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

The United States mail steamship *Atlantic* left New York for Liverpool on the 1st ult. Among the passengers was a man named Winter, with his wife, a clerk of a mercantile firm in that city, having in his possession two thousand dollars belonging to his employers, and which he had obtained by breaking open the safe. On his absence being ascertained, together with the amount of money with which he had absconded, the principal of the firm obtained a warrant for his apprehension, and took a passage by the British and North American mail steamship *Persia*, which sailed three days afterward. The chances were in favor of the criminal clerk; for, though the *Persia* is the fastest steamer afloat, it could scarcely be expected that she would overtake a full-powered steamer which sailed three days before her. No sign of the pursued steamer was seen until off the port, when the *Persia* came up with and passed her, arriving in the river two hours before her. On Mr. Hood, the gentleman who boards the Cunard steamers to take charge of the mails, going aboard, he was introduced to the pursuing merchant, who asked, with some anxiety, if any one had landed from the *Atlantic*. On being answered in the negative, he stated the case, and asked for a detective. Subsequently, accompanied by a police-officer, he boarded the *Atlantic*, and confronted the astounded Winter, whose dreams of security were thus rudely dissipated. Nearly the whole of the missing money was found upon him. He was brought ashore to await the decision of Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, United States Consul at Liverpool, who ordered him to be sent back, in custody, by the *Atlantic*, the steamer which brought him, and which sailed for New York on Wednesday last.

AN ISLAND FOUND.

Captain Thomas L. Mathews, of the whaler *Irene*, arrived at Liverpool on the 23d January from a cruise in the South Atlantic, reports: In latitude 24° 10′ 1″ S., and longitude 19° 3′ W. of Greenwich, a large island, about 35 miles in length and an average breadth of 20 miles. Its eastern coast was precipitous and abrupt, similar to that of St. Helena. On the western side the shores were lower, and the country rolling and hilly. A large bay on the southern side has an average of seven fathoms close up to shore. A volcanic mountain was seen in the interior. The island is totally uninhabited except by myriads of sea birds and a few turtles. Of the latter several were caught of an immense size. The island is covered with immense forests of tropical growth, and the soil is similar to that of the productive parts of Loando in Africa. A lake of ten miles circumference lies within half a mile of the bay. Its water is very pure; also numerous springs were discovered.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PRINCE ALBERT HOLDING LEVEES.

During the Queen's retirement, previous to and after her confinement, Prince Albert holds levees in her stead. The English do not like the change.

LORD PALMERSTON AT FAULT.

The English Prime Minister has been obliged to confess that he was in error in contradicting Mr. Disraeli with respect to the convention of December, 1854, between France and Austria. He believed, and he stated, that the convention had never been signed; but he has since discovered that it *was* signed. However, as Austria never declared war with Russia, it became a dead letter. This explanation gave occasion to some remarks by Mr. Disraeli, in which he asserted the substantial accuracy of what he had originally said, and taunted the Government with being obliged, bit by bit, to admit that accuracy. He also denied that the convention was a dead letter: it was still active, there being in truth no limitation to its powers. But nobody minds what Disraeli says.

SIR ROBERT PEEL ON THE DEFENSE.

Sir Robert Peel has been obliged to apologize for his speech at Manchester. He said: "As regards Count de Morny, I absolutely repudiate having said any thing that might not be said by any gentleman in this House of any friend or relative of his own. I said he was '*le plus grand spéculateur de l'Europe*;' and I did not intend by that assertion to imply any thing detrimental to his honor or character. In fact, immediately on my arrival in town, I wrote to Count de Morny to say that envy and malice had done their best to twist my expression into something odious, but that I distinctly repudiated having meant any thing prejudicial to his character or to the position he occupied. Now I could not say more. As regards the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, that is another matter." Sir Robert then explained that, when he said he did not impress him with the idea of "a frank and open-hearted sailor"—which were "the words of the gallant Admiral sitting there" (Admiral Napier)—he meant that he gave him the idea of "a man of great powers of mind; in fact, that he was not a mere simple sailor, but a man of a far greater grasp of mind." With respect to the Prince de Ligne, Sir Robert admitted that he did say of him that he was "as stiff and starch as the frill of Queen Elizabeth." If—though he could not himself hold that opinion—it was thought he had given offense by these light, airy attempts to "hold the mirror up to Nature," as he believed Goldsmith (!) had said, he begged publicly to tender the most ample expressions of regret.

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THE RESOLUTE?

Sir Edward Belcher, the former commander of the *Resolute*, and the officer who was so nearly cashiered for deserting his ships in the Arctic seas, has been telling a friend in Paris cock-and-bull stories about that famous ship. He affirms that the English government desired him to burn her if circumstances permitted, as the Admiralty would be only too glad of a legitimate opportunity of getting rid of her. He says that the American government communicated with him on the subject before taking its recent proceedings regarding the ship, and that he told it that to do any thing with her was a useless expenditure; and he now adds that the English government are at their wits end how to turn to account a vessel which they dare not employ, and which, in gratitude to the United States, they must not destroy. It has been positively stated in Parliament that the English government does not intend to dismantle the old ship.

IS MR. BARCLAY COMING BACK TO NEW YORK?

It is said in England that the delay in the reappointment of British Consuls is due to the interest the Southern States have, or fancy they have, in the British Consul at New York being, like themselves, interested in Southern slaves. The late Consul, Mr. Barclay, comes within this category from his wife being a holder of that description of property. The Southern interest is said to be endeavoring to persuade the President to intimate to the British government that his reappointment would be acceptable. On the other hand, it is stated positively that Mr. Barclay's post is already filled.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.

After a long and painful illness, the Earl of Ellesmere died, on the 18th, at Bridgewater House, London, in the 57th year of his age. Lord Ellesmere was distinguished as a munificent patron of art, as well as for his liberality of sentiment; and his freedom from party fetters and rancor. As a poet he showed considerable talent, his works being a translation of Goethe's "Faust," and numerous translations of German lyrics, as also an original poem called "The Pilgrimage," descriptive of his travels in the East. He was the second son of the first Duke of Sutherland, was educated at Oxford, and afterward took the name of Egerton, instead of his patronymic of Leveson-Gower. From 1820 to 1846 he was, for various terms, in the House of Commons; in 1827 was a Lord of the Treasury; from 1828 to 1830 was Chief Secretary for Ireland; and in 1830 was Secretary at War. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Lord Brackley, who is in a precarious state of health. He was well known in this country, having been one of the Crystal Palace Commissioners.

A LUCKY LECTURER.

It is rumored that W. H. Russell, the London *Times* correspondent, has entered into an engagement with Mr. Beale, of London, to deliver three lectures a week on the Crimea, till April, 1858, for a sum which rumor calls £10,000.

AN IRISH MADMAN.

A letter from Ardeath, Meath, Ireland, gives the following shocking account of the conduct of a lunatic:

"A laboring man in this neighborhood, who has had occasional attacks of aberration of mind, was seized with a violent fit of madness a few days ago, when he furiously attacked two women, inflicting dangerous injuries on each. The first woman he caught by the hair of the head between his teeth, and shook her in a savage manner, until a man ran to her assistance, and succeeded in beating the lunatic away with a stick. The cessation of the cruelty was, however, only momentary, for he again got hold of the poor woman; this time he caught her by the wrist, in his mouth, and tore away a great portion of the flesh between that and her elbow. He next fled to another woman, and having knocked her down, caught her by a portion of the hip with his teeth, and ripped the flesh in a most revolting manner down off her leg. By the efforts of the villagers he was put under subjection before he was able to pursue any further his horrible attacks. The lunatic was committed to Trim jail on the following day. The woman who was last attacked is in a very serious condition."

PIOUS LOOKING-GLASSES.

A correspondent writes to a Bristol paper to complain of "a vanity which is almost profane." "Selecting," he says, "a book of Common Prayer in a stationer's shop in Bristol a few days ago, I saw some prayer-books having a looking-glass inserted in the inner side of the cover—I have no doubt—that the fair owner might be able to arrange her hair and admire herself during the service!"

NO SALVATION WITHOUT CHURCH-RATES.

If people will not pay the church-rates in England, they can not enjoy the rites of the Church. A few Sundays back, at South Ockendon, many of the parishioners assembled to communicate, when "the curate announced that, owing to the refusal of a church-rate some months since, there were no funds to provide the bread and wine," and the worshipers departed under very painful feelings.

DISGUSTING CRUELTY.

Some men in Lincolnshire have just been tried for an assault on Eliza Tait, a servant-girl. The plaintiff had lived in Mrs. Martin's service since May last, and had been subjected to continual ill usage. On the Wednesday previous to the hearing, having committed some trifling fault, the mistress directed the servant-man and boy to take her into the wash-house and beat her, which they did in an indecent manner, and for which they were rewarded with a pint of ale each. On the following Saturday, the girl, not having washed one of the men's slops to her mistress's satisfaction, was first beaten with the slop, and then beaten in the same manner as before by the man and boy. Not satisfied with this, they took her into the yard, and, having stripped her, the man held her on the grindstone, while the boy turned the handle, until the skin was torn off to the extent of four inches by two. The female defendant was present at the time, and laughed at the poor girl's shrieks under the torture. The latter ran home as soon as she could get away, and was immediately put under the hands of a doctor. The bench warmly expressed their disgust at the outrage, and fined the woman £5, the servant-man £3 15*s.* 6*d.*, and the boy £1 5*s.* 6*d.*, including costs. The indignation of the persons in and around the court was so great that the female defendant had to be escorted to the lock-up by the police, the people yelling and hooting after her, and threatening to duck her in the river.

SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

The case of Charles Attwood, an English farm-laborer, which has just been laid before the House of Commons by Mr. Roundell Palmer, is a fair parallel to any of the tales about African slavery.

He is 60 years of age, he has a wife and 11 children, he has rented a cottage for 30 years, and he has brought up his family without parochial relief. A reasonably hard task in life is this one which has been imposed upon Charles Attwood, and—always supposing his statements to be true—he appears to have discharged it in a very creditable manner. He took service at Christmas, 1855, with a master, receiving weekly payment, and remained in this place till August of last year, when he had a dispute with his employer and took service elsewhere. Hereupon his late master had him taken before a magistrate on a charge of leaving his work, and the magistrate sentenced him summarily to 21 days' imprisonment in Chelmsford Jail, with hard labor. He was treated in the jail like a common prisoner in all respects, and appears to have suffered so much that on his discharge he fell ill, and, in consequence of his sickness, lost his harvest work. This, however, is not all. Charles Attwood has a son, and this son, as it appears, was employed by the Rev. Mr. Hemming. Charles Attwood's son came to London one Sunday, and, being late for the train on a Sunday evening, has been skulking about London ever since, for fear of the consequences if he returned to Essex. He appears not to have been mistaken in his anticipations, for the Rev. Mr. Hemming has got a warrant against him, as Mr. R. Palmer informed the House on Thursday, and is waiting for him in Essex, ready to devour him whenever he may make his appearance.

MARRIAGE OF MARIO'S FRIEND, MISS COUTTS.

Every body remembers the eccentric English lady who followed Signor Mario to this country and was always seen in a prominent position at his performances. It will be remembered that the police were obliged to interfere to protect the lady from the rudeness of gazers who thronged around her at the opera. It is to be presumed that Mario's hardness of heart has worn her out at last, for she has just married a captain in the French army. It is known that she is very wealthy.

FRANCE.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The Emperor opened the French Chambers on 16th February, with a speech which is noticed elsewhere. The members took the oath according to custom.

NAPOLEON BEGINS TO BE AFRAID OF STOCKJOBBING.

It is said that the Emperor is trying hard to put a check to speculation and stockjobbing. His first move—to tax the admission to the Paris Exchange—could not restrain the gambling propensities of the population; he is therefore now about to put a duty of a quarter per cent. on the transfer of industrial securities. The step is most unpopular at Paris.

WILL OF PRINCESS LIEVEN.

The body of the Princess Lieven has been embalmed and sent to Russia. The deceased princess did not belong to the Orthodox Greek Church. She has left by her will a life annuity of 8000 francs to M. Guizot. The will says that M. Guizot, after having served the State faithfully for thirty years, is now old, and can not afford himself a carriage, and therefore the princess, as an old friend, desires to leave him the means to keep one. She was not extremely rich, her whole income never having been more than £3000 a year, but out of this, although she kept a liberal house, she managed to put by something annually.

AMERICANS AT COURT.

A letter from Paris, remarking upon the number of Americans who go to the Court balls and levees, says that our countrymen enjoy a privileged position in this respect, arising from the fact that all the persons presented at Court are entitled to cards of invitation, and it is not difficult to get an introduction by Mr. Mason. He can not refuse this service to his countrymen, who are all sovereigns in themselves. In England there exists a law of etiquette, which denies to every subject the presentation to a foreign court before having been previously introduced at home. We regard neither the one nor the other, and so far we are right not to care about European customs. Yet there are certain principles of good taste and decency that all the world are obliged to follow, and in this respect our country people do not fail to draw upon them the reproaches of strangers.

For instance, what impression must it make on the Parisians to see the Embassador of the United States arrive in front of the Tuileries at the head of a procession of sixty carriages, while the Embassadors of other nations have at the most two or three? Mr. Mason, who was obliged to present all, did not know how to acquit himself better of his onerous task than by presenting them *en masse*, simply saying: "Your Majesty, all these are Americans!"—upon which his Majesty laughs.

A NEW OBJECTION TO THE HOOP MOVEMENT.

A new trouble has arisen in reference to hoops. It appears that when bells ring, the clapper will become visible. At a late Paris ball, an old bachelor, whose only enjoyment at a ball consists in eyeing the dancers, approached a young female friend, after a somewhat rapid polka, and whispered, "I have seen *them*, *they* are blue." The lady blushed, understanding that the gentleman was speaking of that part of her dress which has furnished to the English nation a high order of chivalry and the suitable motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

ANOTHER NEW DANCE.

It seems that, in consequence of the unlooked-for success which has attended the revival of the Lancers, a sense of mortified vanity aroused the great professors of the art to combine their efforts for the production of an entirely new quadrille, which should completely outshine its decrepit and insolent rival. Hence the new quadrille Cellarius, which combines every dance which has been the vogue of late years; thus the Polka, the Deuxtemps, the Tarantelle, the Napolitaine, the Mazurka, and the Schottishe, are all danced by turns, and the effect is so pretty that we can not help wondering that it has never been thought of before. At the private parties at the Tuileries this dance has met with the greatest favor; the Empress being one of the best dancers of the Tarantelle, has allowed that figure to be dedicated to her, and called by her name.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

The editor of the *Moniteur des Hopitaux*, after having in a previous number stated his intention of discussing at full the reasons which, in his mind, proved Verger to be insane, has been obliged, in a subsequent one, to announce that he is under the necessity of abandoning this project.

The *Revue de Paris* has been suspended for a month on account of an admiring notice of a book published at Leipzic, in which there were several covert insinuations against the King of Prussia. The work was published in 1855, and was dedicated to the King, who was completely deceived, and ordered several copies of the book, placing the presentation copy on his shelf. When he found out his mistake, he was greatly angered; and the article in the *Revue de Paris* reopened the wound. Accordingly, he complained to the French Government, which salved the sore place by suspending the *Revue*.

A PARISIAN BANQUET.

On Sunday evening, the 15th February, M. Millaud, the banker, gave one of the most splendid entertainments that was ever served in the house of a private individual to a large circle of journalists and literary men. His large mansion in the Place St. George having no room sufficiently vast to contain all his guests, a pavilion was erected in the garden, in which covers were laid for 150 persons. The pavilion was hung with crimson velvet, surrounded with rich pier glasses, warmed by air pipes, cooled by bubbling fountains, and lighted by thirty dozen wax candles in gilded chandeliers. The dinner was of the most exquisite description. Even the valetudinarian, who for a moment fancied he was surfeited with the fish, learned, as the scientific repast went on, to understand the import of the French proverb, "*L'appetit vient en manageant,*" and as his palate was tickled by truffles, pheasants, and woodcocks, found himself getting ravenous as the infinite varieties of salads, entremets, and desserts marked the closing moments of the feast. The wines were all of the finest quality. The banquet cost the giver 100 francs per head without wine. After the eating speeches were made. Mr. Mery was very humorous. When he sat down, there were loud cries for M. Cremieux, whose eloquence is so renowned. He rose with some reluctance, and, after a brief allusion to the brilliant constellation of literary talent gathered round that festive board, concluded with proposing the "Liberty of the Press." This wholly unexpected toast was received with loud applause, but much laughter, for just opposite to M. Cremieux were seated M. Granier de Cassagnac, M. de Cesena, and other supporters of liberty of that calibre.

ITALY.

HOW THE KING OF NAPLES ENJOYS HIMSELF.

In a letter from Naples the delights of tyranny are thus described:

"The King of Naples is just as much a prisoner at Caserta as any one of his political victims. If he eats better food than Baron Poerio, he fears to be poisoned; if he has no chains about his body, he experiences a heaviness of heart; and if he has more liberty to walk about than Settembrini, it is only at the expense of a continued dread of assassination. No change—no improvement, certainly. The police of Naples, headed by Mazza, the man whom the late Sir William Temple caused to be nominally discharged from office as director, have caught his Majesty Ferdinand II., and imprisoned him at Caserta. The ordinary government officials are not allowed to approach him; in fact, foreign affairs and domestic affairs are equally neglected. A very high military friend of the King declares that he had the greatest difficulty to get at his Majesty, although his business was most important and connected with the army. This gentleman gave a friend of mine an account of his visit to Caserta, which gives a good idea of the wretched life the King must lead.

"In the first place, he found a number of known spies at the railway station at Naples. Then, when he took his place in the carriage, he was accompanied by a brother officer whom he knew to be on duty as a military sbirro. On arriving at Caserta, he was accompanied up to the gates of the royal palace by spies, one or two of whom ran on and announced his approach. Although in uniform and well known, he was not allowed to enter the royal residence, as usual. First came a civilian guard, then a military one, who recognized him in the usual friendly way. These communicated with persons responsible for all who entered the palace. He was then conducted from one official to the other; and after being thus identified by some twelve different guards, got to the King. The whole village of Caserta, I hear, is like a prison, and every one is most attentively looked after."

THE ATTACK ON THE ARCHBISHOP.

The following is the true account of the attack on the Archbishop of Matera: On Sunday, the 17th January, Monsignore Rossini, Archbishop of Acerenta and Matera, proceeded from the archiepiscopal residence, adjoining the cathedral, into the sacristry, where he was in the habit of meeting his assembled clergy on all the holidays, for the purposes of conferring with them upon cases of conscience; he was accompanied by the vicar and the master of the ceremonies, and he had to pass in front of the grand altar in order to enter the sacristy. Scarcely had he got as far as in front of the centre of the altar steps when the assassin, who was a priest, darted from behind the very altar, where he had lurked in ambush, and with a dagger, which he held in his right hand, struck Monsignore in the back, but the dagger only tore his clothes. At this sacrilegious attempt Monsignore remained for an instant quite stupefied; the vicar ran away, and the master of the ceremonies tried to catch hold of the right hand of the assassin, who was about to strike a second blow. The assassin hastily raised his left hand, which was free, and in which he held a pistol; he pointed it against the Archbishop. He fired, and the generous master of the ceremonies, who interposed himself between the assassin and his victim, fell dead. Monsignore hurried back to the door by which he had entered, but swooned and dropped half way up the staircase leading to the archiepiscopal residence. The assassin ran after him, with the intention of accomplishing his crime, which he would doubtless have done if the Archbishop's domestic servant, who ran down on hearing the report of the pistol, had not grappled with the assassin and secured him.

THE POPE'S CHAPLAIN MAJOR.

This functionary lately threatened to have an officer in the Pope's foreign regiment dismissed. The officer requested a friend, Count Gaddi, to call on the Chaplain Major and intercede for him. The Count requested leave to call. On this, Monsignore Tizzani, the Chaplain Major, conceived great alarm, and felt sure that some emissary of the officer's vengeance, or some ferocious follower of Verger's example, was seeking an audience for homicidal purposes. He therefore prudently summoned to his aid a sergeant of gendarmes, who proposed to lie in wait with some of his men during the visit to prevent any aggressive act on the part of the visitor; but the cautious prelate sagaciously supposing that a blow with a poniard would be sooner received than prevented, declined adopting that plan, and intimated that the sergeant himself had better assume the prelatical gown for the nonce, and give audience in his name to the mysterious visitor. The valorous gendarme philosophically complied—"*cedant arma togæ,*" was the motto acted upon; his uniform disappeared under the purple robe, his mustaches were hidden in an ample wrapper, under pretense of suffering from a violent toothache; and the room being darkened with curtains, the unconscious Count Gaddi was admitted. Having exposed the case and requested the prelate's indulgence for his friend, the Count waited for a reply, which, of course, the gendarme, who expected an assault rather than a petition, was not prepared to give in a very explicit form, and the prelate, who was anxiously listening to the conversation from an adjoining door, cut matters short by sending a servant to say that dinner was ready, at which announcement the sham monsignore started up, and the Count withdrew, much surprised at his mumbling voice and strange uncertainty of manner. It was only on his complaining to Cardinal Bofondi of his want of success that the metamorphosis was discovered, for the cardinal sent his own secretary to intercede with monsignore, who at once confessed his own alarm and the stratagem he had used to avoid the supposed dangerous interview. All Rome is laughing at this adventure, and Monsignore Tizzani among the rest; but the Pope is said to be doubly displeased—first, at his relation being considered a perilous visitor; and next, at a gendarme being so unceremoniously inducted into prelatical garb.

A SAINT DISCHARGED FROM DUTY.

One of the most famous saints of these latter days has been Catherine Fanelli, of Casalviera. She was said to hold the gift of prophecy, and crowds followed her steps. Foreigners who derided her inspiration were mobbed. It seems that the Pope has found her out, for the following proclamation was posted up in Rome on the evening of the 9th: "We, Hyacinthe de Ferrari, Commissary-General of the holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, etc., declare as follows; Whereas Catherine Fanelli, a young woman of twenty-three years, born in Casalviera, diocese of Sora, residing for several years past at Sezza, has attempted, by clever representations, to pass herself off as a saint, and has boasted of revelations, visions, apparitions of Jesus Christ and of the Holy Mary, and of peculiar gifts proceeding from the grace of God; and whereas it is evident, from various acts and proofs, as well as from her confession when on trial before the holy office, that there is only deceit, boasting, and falsity in the aforesaid revelations, visions, apparitions, and other matters, reputed as supernatural and as marks of the peculiar grace of God; in consequence, in execution of the decree of the holy office of February 4, 1857, in order to undeceive the public, and remove from the minds of all any belief in her holy character, we notify and declare that the holiness of the above-mentioned Catherine Fanelli is pretended, and accompanied with immoral and false maxims, and that her predictions have been proved to be suppositions; the said female has, therefore, been condemned by the holy office to twelve years' imprisonment. Let, therefore, no person in future dare to consider the said Catherine Fanelli in the light of a saint, under the penalty to be established by the most eminent and reverend Cardinals, the Inquisitors-General."

PRUSSIA.

THE NEUFCHATEL QUESTION.

It is fully believed in Berlin that the King of Prussia, now that he has got his partisans out of the bear's grip, has not the smallest intention of keeping his part of the implied bargain. He has not, so it is said, the most distant idea of giving up that airy nothing—his right over the canton of Neufchatel in return for the prisoners. The French Government has instructed its representatives at London, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Berlin to invite the governments to which they are accredited to join in a conference at Paris, for the settlement of the Neufchatel affair. The ministers of the above powers resident at Paris will act as plenipotentiaries. The Conference will meet about the beginning of March.

RUSSIA.

HOW THE RUSSIAN THIEVES OPERATE.

A letter from St. Petersburg says: "The police have just arrested fifteen individuals, charged with attacks on and robbery of isvotchiks or drivers of sledges. The plan adopted by these men was as follows: At a late hour in the evening, two of them took their seats in a sledge, and ordered the driver to proceed to some distant part of the city or to the extremity of some faubourg, where at that hour the streets were completely deserted. At a given moment, one of the robbers threw over the head of the driver a net, with a cord having a running knot to come tightly round his neck, so that, in order to avoid strangulation, he gave to his assailants all the money he had received throughout the day. During the last fortnight upward of one hundred drivers have been victimized by this trick. There is now in the prison of St. Petersburg a skillful rogue who has directed his attention to higher game. Having heard that the Archbishop of St. Petersburg had left his pastoral cross at a jeweler's to undergo repairs, he went to the shop and said, 'I come from Mgr. the Archbishop, who requests that you will immediately give me the cross which he has left with you to repair. He has been sent for to the palace, and he can not present himself before the Emperor without the insignia of his dignity.' 'That is very true,' replied the jeweler, 'but as I have not the honor of knowing you, and as nothing more resembles an honest man than a rogue, we will go together and deliver to monseigneur the cross he has confided to me.' 'That is just what I wish,' said the thief, 'and if you will allow me, I will give you a seat in my carriage in order the sooner to reach the palace of his eminence, who must be with the Emperor precisely at twelve.' Five minutes after the jeweler and his companion arrived at the archbishop's, and entered the waiting-room, which is open to every one. The messenger requested him to wait a moment, and he would inform his eminence of his arrival. In about two or three minutes he returned with his head uncovered and without his cloak, and said, 'Mgr. the Archbishop is at this moment engaged with the Archbishop of Kieff, and therefore can not come to you, and begs you to deliver to me the cross.' The jeweler, finding himself in the palace, and with, as he believed, one of the servants, no longer hesitated, but gave the cross and returned to his shop. About a week after the Archbishop came himself for the cross. The police being then informed of the trick, set to work, and succeeded in arresting the thief. He remains in the hands of justice, but where the valuable article which he took is, remains a mystery.

THE PERSIAN WAR.

The Persian difficulty, which a few days since appeared in a fair way of settlement, has taken a new turn for the worse, it being reported that Ferouk Khan had, in consequence of the unexpected receipt of bellicose dispatches from his government, broken off all negotiations with the British Minister at Paris, and would not now visit England.

At our latest dates from the seat of war, Bushire was quietly held by the British expeditionary force, which was encamped in the neighborhood of the wells. The ships had left for India, to take on board reinforcements; and it was thought that when the Second Division of the army arrived the advance into the interior would commence. This Second Division was being organized in Bombay; Sir James Outram was to take the command in chief, with General Stalker as commander of the First Division. A strong cavalry force, consisting of the 14th Light Dragoons and the Scinde Horse, would be speedily dispatched to the seat of war. In another direction Sir John Lawrence was conferring with Dost Mohammed at Cabul. Hyder Khan, at Candahar, and the Khan of Khelat were making all ready for facilitating the advance of the English, and aiding in the expulsion of the Persians from Herat. In fact, all the intelligence from Bombay tells of war, and even hints at permanent occupation of a considerable portion of the Persian territory.

SOLDIERS WIVES LEFT TO STARVE IN INDIA.

A most painful interest has been widely excited by the statement that the wives and children of the 2d Europeans, left behind at Hydrabad when the men marched down to Kurrachee for embarkation to Persia three months ago, have experienced the most cruel neglect from the authorities. They are said to have been left in the most utter destitution, and out of 124 women and children 28 sank and died within six weeks. The subject is too painful to enlarge upon, nor can we contemplate the feelings of the brave fathers and husbands in Persia at a recital of the cruel sufferings of those dearer to them than their own lives, without a sympathy allied to horror.

SETTLEMENT OF THE KINGDOM OF OUDE.

The East India Directors have published a letter to the Governor-General of India, giving their ultimatum on the Oude question. The Directors regard with just complacency the acquisition of a territory of nearly 25,000 square miles, and containing 5,000,000 inhabitants, "without the expenditure of a drop of blood, and almost without a murmur." The Directors approve the amount fixed for the annual stipend of the ex-King of Oude—viz., 12 lacs of rupees ($600,000). They are unanimously of opinion that it is not advisable to perpetuate or to prolong the tenure of the Royal title, as past experience has abundantly demonstrated the inconvenience of allowing an empty nominal or titular sovereignty to descend from generation to generation in the case of dethroned kings. Such titles are believed to foster humiliating recollections, and to engender delusive hopes. The kingly title will accordingly die a natural death with the present titular sovereign, Wajid Ali Shah; at all events, no promise has been made to the contrary. The Royal descendants, however, will enjoy a certain stipend, as the 12 lacs of rupees settled on the ex-King will descend as an hereditary grant. The young princes are to be trained and educated so as to become "useful citizens," and it is suggested that the family may be made "jagheerdars," so as to prevent them from sinking into degraded habits of life. The payment of the arrears due to the army of Oude is approved. The conduct of the Governor-General of India and Sir J. Outram is warmly commended by the Directors, and so closes their dispatch.

CHINA.

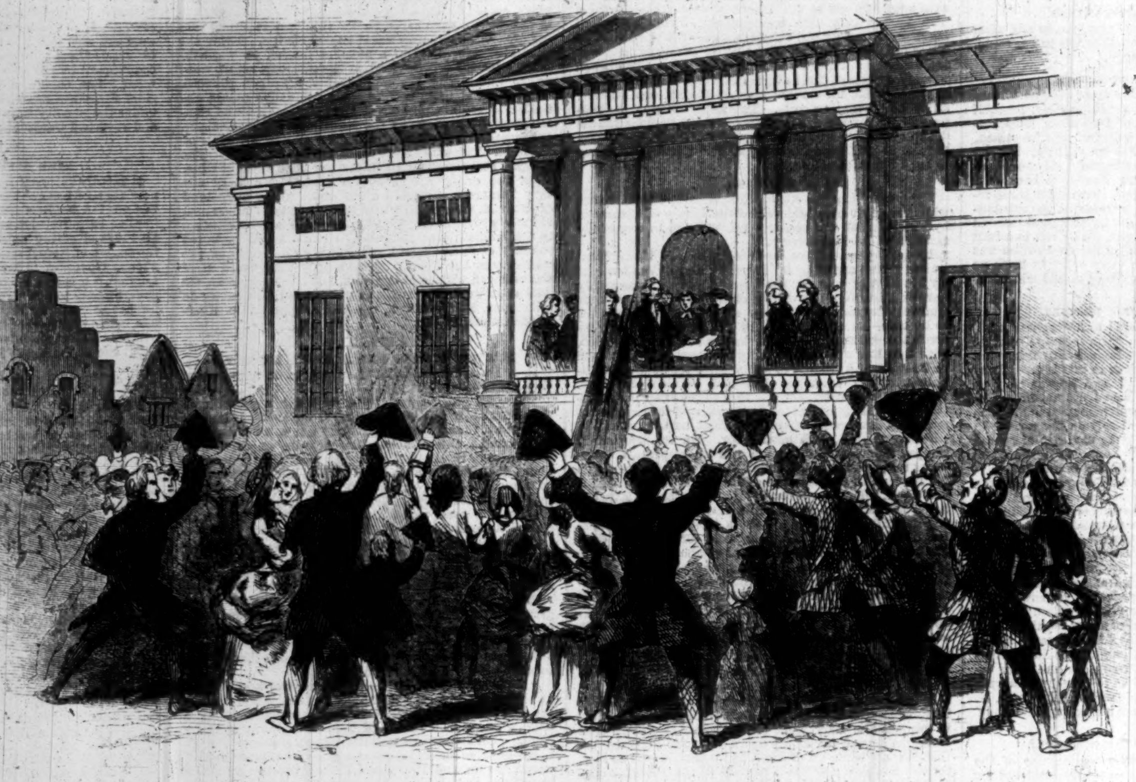
PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The London *Advertiser* asserts that the Government has received a dispatch announcing the total destruction of Canton by the British. There was no disposition to yield on the part of Yeh or the town's people.

THE JAPANESE OYSTER OPENING MORE AND MORE.

The Emperor of Japan intends to have the mines of his realm worked in a scientific way, and to that end has requested the Dutch Government in India to send him a trustworthy European engineer. In consequence of this request, Herr Otto Huguenin, a pupil of the Academy of Delft, has set out for Jeddo.

OUR EIGHTEENTH INAUGURATION DAY.



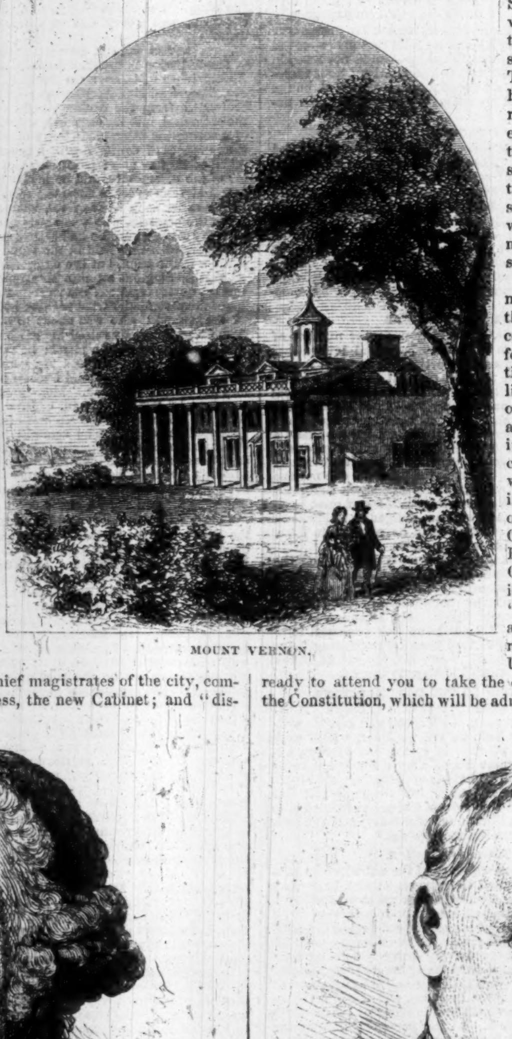
THE FIRST INAUGURATION.

WELL, the eighteenth inauguration of a President of the United States is over. Mr. Buchanan, as our European friends would say, has just been crowned. The ceremony was imposing in a moral aspect only. The long and somewhat tawdry procession; the score of military companies in various developments of "lace, feathers, and flummery;" the liberty-car, with Mrs. Liberty and her pole, fifty feet high (the pole, not the goddess); the full-rigged ship, with the sailors proceeding to double-reef topsails as the horses trotted up Pennsylvania Avenue; Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Breckinridge riding quietly and in a business-like way in their carriage from the hotel to the Capitol, walking into the Senate Chamber to muster forces for the inauguration, and then repairing in company with all the other dignitaries to the platform under the portico; the inaugural itself, from the first word to the last—all this strikes us as the most perfect—because the least glittering—transmission of power from one administration to another that has ever been witnessed in the history of the country. It is the nearest approach to a quiet common-sense performance of a very practical, though unquestionably momentous, ceremony, that we remember. Of course no argument would convince the gentlemen of the Lancaster Fencibles, or the Peddlington Invincibles, or the John Smith Guards, that their presence on an occasion of this kind, in full armor and marching order, with three days' provisions in their knapsacks, and sixty rounds of ball-cartridge within reach of the hand, was not of the highest consequence, or indeed that the inauguration ceremony could actually be achieved without them. Nor are we quite sure that it would not be a pity, at least in a picturesque point of view, if the various Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons of these martial companies were not there, in their red, and their yellow, and their gold, and their blue. They give relief to the eye. But the Democrats of Genet's time would have said that these military escorts smell terribly of monarchical example and American apishness.

Thomas Jefferson was so much opposed to show and form in connection with our Government, that he wanted Washington to be inaugurated, in 1793, in his house, privately, without form, or show, or speech of any kind. But when his own turn came he altered his mind. He was the first President inaugurated at Washington, and that dirty little village was startled from its propriety by the cortége of citizens and military which escorted the Republican President from his house to the Capitol. The only concession he made to his former principles was the abolition of levees—evidently a mistake. His address was as elaborate as Adams's, and indicated any thing but the plain matter-of-fact simplicity which Mr. Jefferson's friends had once made it a crime in Washington and Adams to have neglected for "the meretricious fascinations of literary embellishment."

Washington was inaugurated, as every body knows, in New York, on 30th April. Though when the day arrived for the meeting of Congress that body could not proceed to business for want of a quorum—the perils and difficulties of the road having delayed some members, while others did not think it worth while to attend—the town was crowded before Inauguration Day. Every tavern and boarding-house was full; private houses teemed with guests and lodgers. Many persons are said to have slept in tents on "the Common." On Thursday morning, 30th, the Hudson was studded with boats bearing visitors, and long caravans of carts began to arrive before daybreak from Westchester, Long Island, and the Jerseys. The ceremony began with a salute fired from the Battery. This was about six in the morning, and we are told that even at that hour the streets were pretty full. At nine, the church-bells rang out a merry peal; at ten they summoned the pious to church; and each pastor made it his business to implore Heaven's blessing on the nation and the first President.

General Washington had been in the city a week, having arrived on the 23d. He was living in a private house, the property of Mr. Osgood, on the corner of Cherry Street and Franklin Square (it was lately standing within sight of the spot where these lines are printed); but his household arrangements had not yet been perfected, as Mrs. Washington did not arrive for some little time.



MOUNT VERNON.

At eight on the morning of the 30th, the sky was overcast, and it looked like rain. Every body noticed that the moment the bells began to ring the sky cleared, and by the close of divine service the weather was serene and beautiful. At noon, the procession that was to conduct the President to Federal Hall assembled opposite his residence in Cherry Street. There were the usual military companies—a troop of horse, one or two companies of grenadiers, a company of Highlanders, in kilts—all the chief magistrates of the city, committees of Congress, the new Cabinet; and "distinguished citizens" brought up the rear. By this assemblage the new President was conducted to Federal Hall, which stood at the head of Broad Street, in Wall, where the Custom-house has since been built. The old building had been put in repair at a heavy expense for the time; but it was still so rickety that cautious persons looked forward to the ceremony with uneasiness.

When it is remembered that there was no precedent in history for the inauguration of a Republican President, one can not but admire the striking dignity which characterized the whole proceedings. At the door of the Senate Chamber the Vice-President met General Washington, and said: "Sir, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States are ready to attend you to take the oath required by the Constitution, which will be administered to you by the Chancellor of the State of New York."

To which General Washington—the soul of dignity—replied,

"I am ready to proceed."

The Vice-President led the way to the outside gallery; the President followed, with as many of the high functionaries as could find room, and all were presently gathered on the balcony fronting on Wall Street. Washington was plainly dressed in brown, and so were all the persons present, except Mr. Adams, who loved finery. Of the group, perhaps the most striking person was Chancellor Livingston, all in black, a very fine-looking man. Secretary Otis carried the Bible on a crimson cushion; at the proper moment the Chancellor administered the oath, General Washington, bowing down, seized the book, kissed it audibly, and exclaimed, with closed eyes and much emotion,

"I swear, so help me God!"

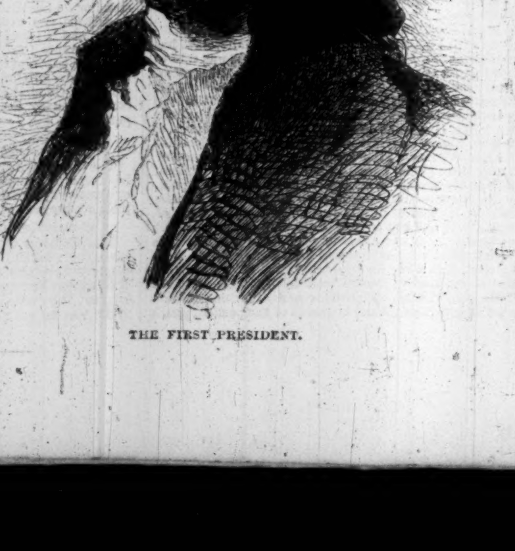
Chancellor Livingston, following monarchical precedent, turned to the crowd and cried—"Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The error of this practice was soon detected and abandoned; but at this time the crowd thought of nothing but the awful solemnity of the scene, and many who waved their hats were too overcome by emotion to join in the huzzas.

The inaugural address, which was short, like all the early inaugurals, was delivered in the Senate Chamber. It was considered, in these days, a speech to Congress and not to the people; and both Houses felt it necessary (again following monarchical usage) to present replies to the President at his house—a ceremony which cost the representatives a smart ducking in a heavy shower.

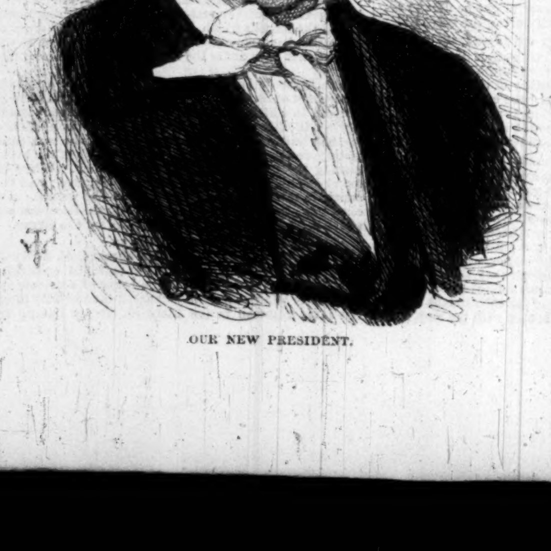
From the Senate Chamber, the President was escorted to St. Paul's Church, where he heard an appropriate religious service; and thence home to his house. In the evening, the city was illuminated. Some of the devices were excellently meant, but in singular taste. One of the most striking represented a stout lady (Fortitude) apparently offering for sale a portrait of Washington; while two stern-looking females, one on either side (representing the Senate as Wisdom and the House as Justice), seemed to say that she was asking too much for her wares. However, in the general jubilee, there were no such petty cavils as this. Many of the illuminations were beautiful; none more so than those of the French and Spanish ministers, who both lived in Broadway, near the Bowling Green. The whole scene, we are told, was "a new, animated, and enchanting spectacle." General Washington went "down town," that is to say, toward the Battery, to see it; returning about ten o'clock on foot, the crowd being too dense for a carriage to pass.

There had been some talk of an inauguration ball; but various causes operated to defeat the project. On 7th May, however, a grand ball was given at the Assembly Rooms, which were in a building near the site of Anderson's tobacco store on Broadway. The President and all the other great people were present. General Washington, who was fond of dancing, performed a minuet with Miss Van Zandt before the company, and danced cotillions afterward with Mrs. Livingston and Mrs. Maxwell. To judge from the descriptions of persons who were present, this ball must have been the most *distingué* affair of the kind ever witnessed in New York: the display of beauty and jewelry was dazzling; each lady bore a fan—presented to her by the managers—on which a medallion likeness of Washington was printed.

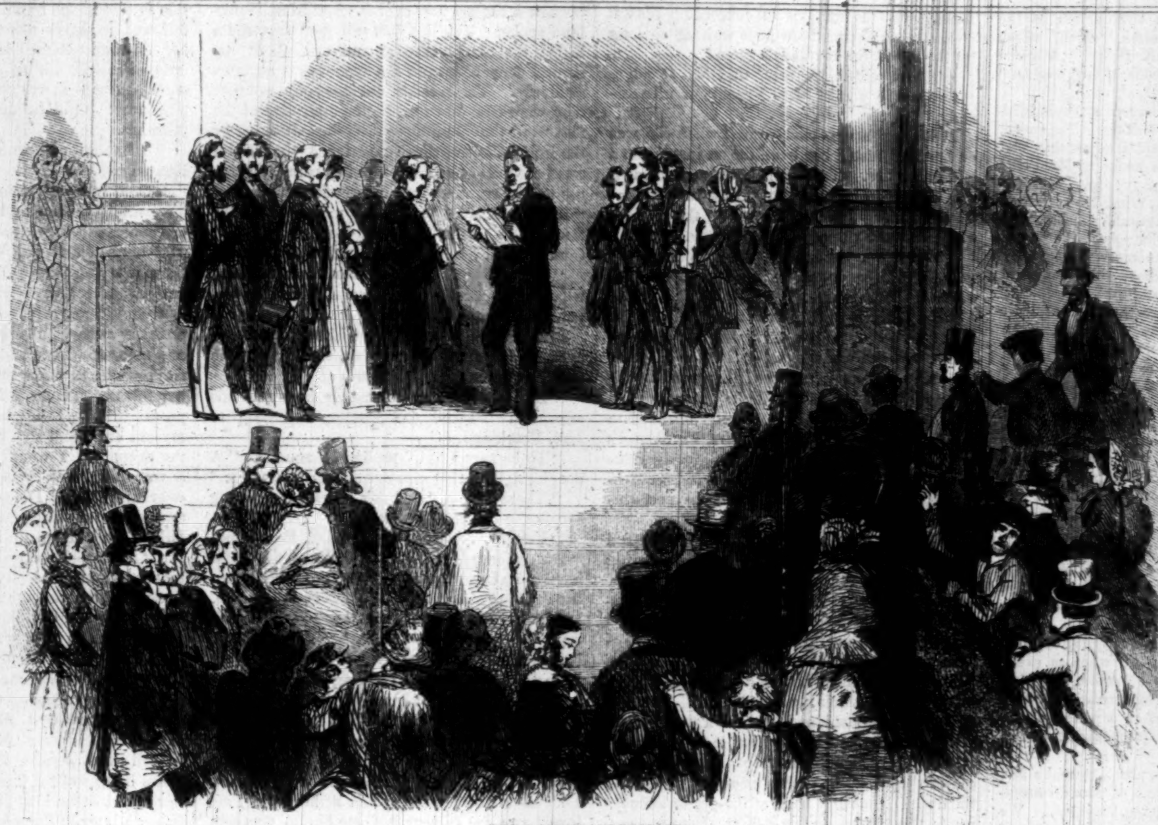
It requires no slight effort to carry one's self back to those days—a lifetime since—so changed seems every thing. The Democrats were already beginning to growl about the monarchical tendencies of Washington and Adams. We hear of General Washington at a dinner party—during the ridiculous discussion about the titles to be given to the President and Vice—asking General Muhlenberg what he thought of the title of High Mightiness? And of Muhlenberg wittily answering that it might answer very well so long as the office was held by as large a man as Washington; but



THE FIRST PRESIDENT.



OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

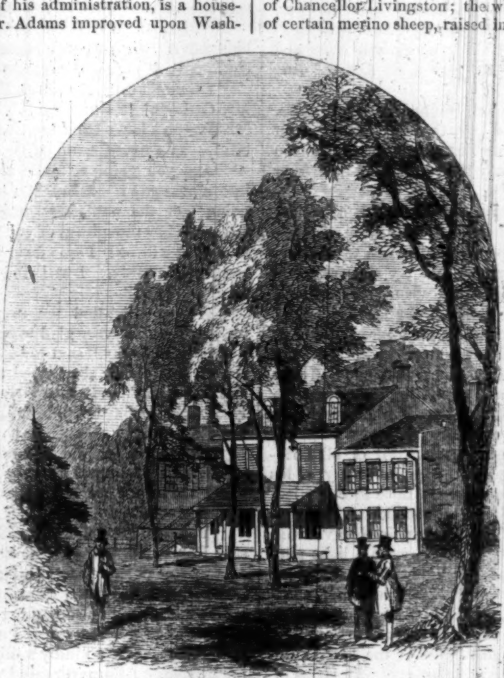


THE LAST INAUGURATION.

that it would become ridiculous if a small man happened to be made President. When General Washington arrived from Jersey the whole Bay was covered with boats, some full of choristers, who sang republican odes to "God save the King," others bearing the fairest of the fair Knickerbockers, others freighted with the "distinguished citizens;" and a Spanish frigate which did not happen to hoist her colors quick enough, was almost attacked and boarded by the excited people. When Mr. Pierce arrived here, on his way to Washington, he had his carpet-bag in his hand, and walked down to the Astor House like any common Smith or Jones; and Mr. Buchanan, on his arrival at Washington, though he had Lancaster Guards and Keystone Club to escort him, drove along in a barouche, very much after the same Smith or Jones fashion, and was nearly killed by the restiveness of the horses. What a contrast, too, between General Washington's home in Cherry Street and the White House! We read in the papers of the day that honest Sam Fraunces, who, by-the-way, intitules himself "Steward of the Household," gives notice that no one must trust the servants of the President, as they will be "furnished with moneys" for the payment of "provisions and supplies." We hear of Washington, at a dinner at his own house, calling up the steward to ask how much he paid for a fine shad which he found before him; and being told that it cost "two dollars," sending it away, angrily declaring that he could not encourage such extravagance. At their evenings and receptions, Mr. and Mrs. Washington gave their guests their *congé* about the time at which Mr. Buchanan will begin to dress to receive his guests. At nine, Mrs. Washington would rise, and with her smile *de grande dame*, would say—"The General always retires at nine!" which emptied the rooms directly. We all remember the noise which was made about Mr. Fillmore's carriage: General Washington's was the finest in the city: it was "in the shape of a hemisphere, cream-colored, and ornamented with cupids supporting festoons, and with bordering of flowers round the panels:" it was always drawn by six horses on state occasions. What would people say if Mr. Buchanan made his appearance in such a turn-out? This was, perhaps, President Washington's only sacrifice to royal precedent in the way of show. He set his face resolutely against "parade and expense;" lived so moderately that his Cabinet Ministers could "make a decent show" on $1000 a year, and save $500 out of the salary which Mr. Buchanan will give to a copying clerk. His letters on the furnishing of his house at Philadelphia, when the Government removed to that town, are wonderful studies. He wrote about yellow and green curtains, French looking-glasses, table ornaments, sideboards, and even "Mrs. Morris's mangle for ironing clothes," as seriously and as intelligently as on the rights of the States or the foreign relations of the country. Wonder if Mr. Buchanan understands mangles.

Washington's second inauguration took place on 4th March, at Philadelphia. It was a very quiet affair; the speech was short, the oath was administered in the Senate Chamber in presence of both Houses—the President having judiciously overruled the ultra views of both Jefferson and Hamilton, who desired that he should be sworn in privately at his own house. Certain newspapers were beginning to be very severe on the monarchical tendencies of the President; it was esteemed the unforgivable sin in certain circles to keep Washington's birthday. This no doubt contributed to keep the inauguration ceremony within modest bounds. In "good society"—that charming society which could boast of such belles as Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Wolcott, Miss Wolcott, the Misses Allen, the Misses Chew, and which must have been the most brilliant and delightful that America has ever known—the event was commemorated with taste. In Washington's time, the million were not much considered on such occasions.

Every school-boy is familiar with the ceremony of inauguration of Mr. Adams; Washington, as a private citizen, taking his seat in front of the judges, and listening to Adams's eulogy of his administration, is a household picture. Mr. Adams improved upon Washington in the style of his inaugural; it was a very pretentious piece of writing, and unfortunately led other Presidents, with less literary ability, in much later times, to deal in what our friends in the Bowery call "hifalutin." His going out was less graceful than his entrance. On the night before his successor's inauguration, he ordered his carriage at twelve; whether he took his departure at that inconvenient hour or early in the morning, certain it is that he was far away when Mr. Jefferson was cavalcading to the Capitol, and proclaiming the advent of universal brotherhood.



WHEATLAND.

Of Mr. Madison's inauguration it is remembered that he was a walking argument in favor of the encouragement of native wool. His coat was made on the farm of Colonel Humphreys, and his waistcoat and small-clothes on that of Chancellor Livingston; the whole from the wool of certain merino sheep, raised in this country, and clearly destined to become its ruling interest and staple. He spoke—as did most of the Presidents before Van Buren—in the House of Representatives, to both Houses of Congress, the principal magistrates, the diplomatic body, and such of the crowd as could squeeze into the gallery.

Monroe's inauguration, being the first since the peace, was intended to be a very grand affair. Mr. Monroe himself fixed the day and the hour (4th of March, at noon) at which he would be sworn in. The joint committee agreed upon a plan for the ceremony, and published a programme; but the day after the announcement was made, the two houses quarreled about seats, and all was brought to a stand-still. For a moment it seemed that the inauguration would have to be postponed, as neither House would give way; but some sagacious person cut the knot by proposing that the President be inaugurated on a platform to be erected under the portico of the Capitol. This suggestion was adopted, and shortly after noon, Mr. Monroe delivered his address, if not to the people, at least in the hearing of many of them. The million were looking up.

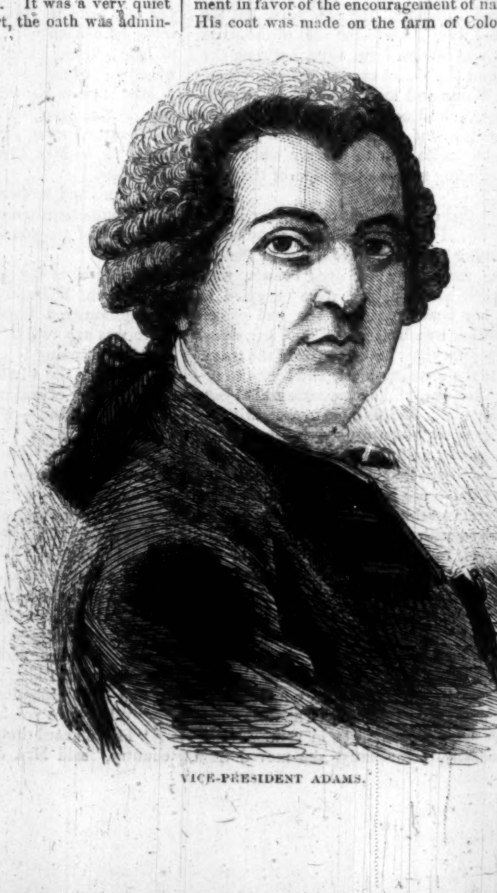
It is amusing to read the excited paragraphs of the *National Intelligencer* about the throng. "Such a concourse," says that journal, "was never before seen in Washington; the number of persons present has actually been estimated at from five to eight thousand. Yet notwithstanding the magnitude of the assemblage, we have heard of no accident." The crowd which saw Taylor, Pierce, and Buchanan read their inaugural has been variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000; the last being the largest. In the evening of 4th March, 1817, there was a grand ball given, at which Mr. and Mrs. Madison, and Mr. and Mrs. Monroe, were present; but we do not hear this time of Presidential minuets, though Monroe was at one time a capital dancer.

The second inauguration of Mr. Monroe was a very quiet affair. The *National Intelligencer* of the 5th (the 4th was Sunday, and the affair came off on the Monday) informs its readers that "the President will probably deliver a speech on the occasion, in accordance with the good old usage;" and the modest journal ventures to "presume that we shall be able to publish it to-morrow." It was a very stormy day; rain and snow fell without ceasing; so the portico experiment was not renewed—Mr. Monroe read his second inaugural in the House of Representatives to an assemblage which must have been over-estimated at two thousand persons. When he ended, the Marine band struck up a lively air, and the members of Congress beat time with their paper-knives as Mr. Monroe disappeared—one of those Congressmen being young James Buchanan of Pennsylvania.

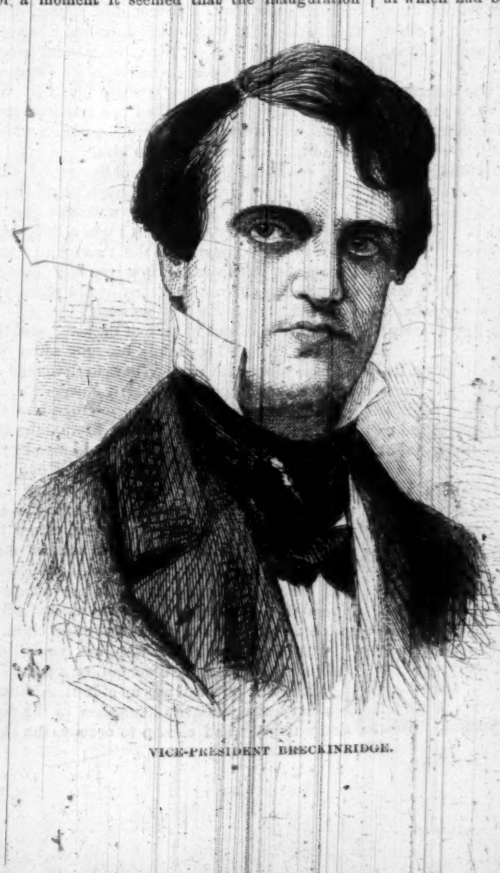
John Quincy Adams was inaugurated, and made a long speech, according to precedent; but the temper of a large party was not amiable toward him, and we read of but modest festivities. Like his father, he went out of office, biliously, without paying the new President the compliment of being present at his inauguration. Perhaps it was Jackson's fault; he ought to have called on Adams on his arrival. But our New England Presidents have not been the flowers of the garden.

About General Jackson, who marched down to be inaugurated with a quick, large stride, as though he proposed to storm the Capitol, the most remarkable feature, says a correspondent, was his double pair of spectacles. The old soldier was very unfortunate in his eyes; he could neither see objects at a distance nor objects near at hand; so he wore two pair of spectacles, one for reading, the other for use in the street, and when one pair was on his nose the other was crossed over his head. On this occasion the pair over his head reflected the light, and some worthy persons from the country were firmly persuaded that they were two plates of metal which had been let into the General's head to close up two corresponding holes made by British bullets. General Jackson voluntarily delivered his inaugural on the platform under the eastern portico of the Capitol; and, with the exception of his own second inaugural, all subsequent inaugurals have been spoken from that place. When his four years came round he met the country, and was duly sworn in, in the House of Representatives.

The inaugurations of the later Presidents are within the recollection of most persons who may read these lines. They seem to become quieter. General Jackson rode to see Mr. Van Buren inaugurated in a carriage made of the wood of the frigate *Constitution*. To balance which, a magnificent carriage was prepared for Harrison; but the old soldier disappointed his friends by riding a white horse of exquisite beauty to the Capitol. Mr. Polk was ushered into official life by the largest crowd ever seen at Washington previous to that day; but if this was flattering, the conversation of the crowd must



VICE-PRESIDENT ADAMS.



VICE-PRESIDENT BRECKINRIDGE.

have tended to re-establish equilibrium in the President's mind. The favorite "catch" of the day was: "Who *is* James K. Polk?" A query which never failed to elicit roars of laughter from the crowd.

The Whigs surpassed themselves at Taylor's inauguration in efforts at gala-making. The crowd, they protested, was full one-third larger than that which had assembled to do honor to Mr. Polk; and the show was monstrously fine. But the Democrats had their growl. When Taylor turned his back on the crowd to address the members of Congress in the course of his inaugural, the "pure, unadulterated, sterling" Democrats were oppressed with grief; and they complained that they were squeezed to death at the Inauguration ball. Of these, by-the-way, there were three, or at least two "regular" balls: one, the Whig ball, given in "a shanty," the other, a no-party ball, given in a house. The former was the largest; over 5000 persons were present, and many were nearly killed by the crush (it will be remembered that over 15,000 tickets to the ball last week were sold); and the Democrats again complained they didn't get enough supper. There was one Democrat, however, at this ball who made no complaint either of the crush or of the supper. This was Mr. James Buchanan, who might have been seen with all the prettiest girls in the room in turn. When he introduced some splendid beauty to the new President, General Taylor accosted him:

"Mr. Buchanan, Sir, how *does* it happen that the prettiest girl in the room is always on your arm? I can't account for it."

And the old General walked off feigning to growl inwardly; while Mr. Buchanan, who, as every body knows, is the prince of *chevaliers*, the pink of ladies' men—in a word, the most irresistible man with the fair sex, and might be a perfect Lovelace if he chose—continued to promenade the room with his lovely partner.

We had intended, in this place, to make Mr. Pierce's inauguration the text of some complimentary remarks to the outgoing President. We proposed to do this, because we hardly thought it decent that a President of the United States should retire to private life without a civil word from any one. But we now perceive that, on Sunday last, the pastor of the church which he attends has performed the duty which we had resolved to undertake. Mr. Pierce has been canonized from the pulpit. This being the case, we gladly abandon our original design, and merely observe that the conspicuous features of Mr. Pierce's inauguration were: the remarkably fine and muscular action of the President, the splendid and unrivaled rhetoric of the inaugural, and the uncommonly pleasant and refreshing snow-storm in which we stood.

It is not a little curious—a Roman would say ominous—that till Mr. Buchanan no President since 1825 had been inaugurated in fine weather. It stormed when Jackson was inaugurated for the second time. Van Buren's inauguration day closed with a fierce storm. The weather was cloudy, cold, and cutting when General Harrison became President. It rained hard when Polk read his inaugural. General Taylor rode through a snow-storm to the Capitol. But for Mr. Pierce's eloquence his hearers would certainly have frozen on 4th March, 1853. Mr. Buchanan begins life under a brighter sky. Let us all wish him "God-speed!"

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE NINTH. THE NEW NURSE.

As the clock struck seven, Mr. Orridge put on his hat to go to the Tiger's Head. He had just opened his own door, when he was met on the step by a messenger, who summoned him immediately to a case of sudden illness in the poor quarter of the town. The inquiries he made satisfied him that the appeal was really of an urgent nature, and that there was no help for it but to delay his attendance for a little while at the inn. On reaching the bedside of the patient, he discovered symptoms in the case which rendered an immediate operation necessary. The performance of this professional duty occupied some time. It was a quarter to eight before he left his house, for the second time, on his way to the Tiger's Head.

On entering the inn door, he was informed that the new nurse had arrived as early as seven o'clock, and had been waiting for him, in a room by herself, ever since. Having received no orders from Mr. Orridge, the landlady had thought it safest not to introduce the stranger to Mrs. Frankland before the Doctor came.

"Did she ask to go up into Mrs. Frankland's room?" inquired Mr. Orridge.

"Yes, Sir," replied the landlady. "And I thought she seemed rather put out when I said that I must beg her to wait till you got here. Will you step this way, and see her at once, Sir? She is in my parlor."

Mr. Orridge followed the landlady into a little room at the back of the house, and found Mrs. Jazeph sitting alone in the corner farthest from the window. He was rather surprised to see that she drew her vail down the moment the door was opened.

"I am sorry you should have been kept waiting," he said; "but I was called away to a patient. Besides, I told you between seven and eight, if you remember; but it is not eight o'clock yet."

"I was very anxious to be in good time, Sir," said Mrs. Jazeph. There was an accent of restraint in the quiet tones in which she spoke which struck Mr. Orridge's ear, and a little perplexed him. She was apparently not only afraid that her face might betray something, but apprehensive also that her voice might tell him more than her words expressed. What feeling was she anxious to conceal? Was it irritation at having been kept waiting so long by herself in the landlady's room?

"If you will follow me," said Mr. Orridge, "I will take you to Mrs. Frankland immediately."

Mrs. Jazeph rose slowly, and, when she was on her feet, rested her hand for an instant on a table near her. That action, momentary as it was, helped to confirm the Doctor in his conviction of her physical unfitness for the position which she had volunteered to occupy.

"You seem tired," he said, as he led the way out of the door. "Surely, you did not walk all the way here?"

"No, Sir. My mistress was so kind as to let one of the servants drive me in the pony chaise." There was the same restraint in her voice as she made that answer; and still she never attempted to lift her vail. While ascending the inn stairs Mr. Orridge mentally resolved to watch her first proceedings in Mrs. Frankland's room closely, and to send, after all, for the London nurse, unless Mrs. Jazeph showed remarkable enthusiasm and aptitude in the performance of her new duties.

The room which Mrs. Frankland occupied was situated at the back of the house, having been chosen in that position, with the object of removing her as much as possible from the bustle and noise about the inn door. It was lighted by one window overlooking a few cottages, beyond which spread the rich grazing grounds of West Somersetshire, bounded by a long monotonous line of thickly-wooded hills. The bed was of the old-fashioned kind, with the customary four posts and the inevitable damask curtains. It projected from the wall into the middle of the room, in such a situation as to keep the door on the right hand of the person occupying it, the window on the left, and the fire-place opposite the foot of the bed. On the side of the bed nearest the window, the curtains were open, while at the foot, and on the side near the door, they were closely drawn. By this arrangement the interior of the bed was necessarily concealed from the view of any person on first entering the room.

"How do you find yourself to-night, Mrs. Frankland?" asked Mr. Orridge, reaching out his hand to undraw the curtains. "Do you think you will be any the worse for a little freer circulation of air?"

"On the contrary, Doctor, I shall be all the better," was the answer. "But I am afraid—in case you have ever been disposed to consider me a sensible woman—that my character will suffer in your estimation, when you see how I have been occupying myself for the last hour."

Mr. Orridge smiled as he undrew the curtains, and laughed outright when he looked at the mother and child. Mrs. Frankland had been amusing herself, and gratifying her taste for bright colors, by dressing out her baby with blue ribbons as he lay asleep. He had a necklace, shoulder-knots, and bracelets, all of blue ribbon; and to complete the quaint finery of his costume, his mother's smart little lace cap had been hitched comically on one side of his head. Rosamond herself, as if determined to vie with the baby in gayety of dress, wore a light pink jacket, ornamented down the bosom and over the sleeves with bows of white satin ribbon. Laburnum blossoms, gathered that morning, lay scattered about over the white counterpane, intermixed with some flowers of the Lily of the Valley, tied up into two nosegays with strips of cherry-colored ribbon. Over this varied assemblage of colors, over the baby's ruddy cheeks and arms, over his mother's happy, youthful face, the tender light of the May evening poured tranquil and warm. Thoroughly appreciating the charm of the picture which he had disclosed on undrawing the curtains, the Doctor stood looking at it for a few moments, quite forgetful of the errand that had brought him into the room. He was only recalled to a remembrance of the new nurse by a chance question which Mrs. Frankland addressed to him.

"I can't help it, Doctor," said Rosamond, with a look of apology. "I really can't help treating my baby, now I am a grown woman, just as I used to treat my doll when I was a little girl. Did any body come into the room with you? Lenny, are you there? Have you done dinner, darling, and did you drink my health when you were left at dessert all by yourself?"

"Mr. Frankland is still at dinner," said the Doctor. "But I certainly brought some one into the room with me. Where in the name of wonder has she gone to?—Mrs. Jazeph!"

The housekeeper had slipped round to the part of the rooms between the foot of the bed and the fire-place, where she was hidden by the curtains that still remained drawn. When Mr. Orridge called to her, instead of joining him where he stood, opposite the window, she appeared at the other side of the bed, where the window was behind her. Her shadow stole darkly over the bright picture which the Doctor had been admiring. It stretched obliquely across the counterpane, and its dusky edges touched the figures of the mother and child.

"Gracious goodness! who are you?" exclaimed Rosamond, "A woman, or a ghost?"

"Mrs. Jazeph's vail was up at last. Although her face was necessarily in shadow in the position which she had chosen to occupy, the Doctor saw a change pass over it when Mrs. Frankland spoke. The lips dropped and quivered a little; the marks of care and age, about the mouth, deepened; and the eyebrows contracted suddenly. The eyes Mr. Orridge could not see; they were cast down on the counterpane at the first word that Rosamond uttered. Judging by the light of his medical experience, the Doctor concluded that she was suffering pain, and trying to suppress any outward manifestation of it. "An affection of the heart, most likely," he thought to himself. "She has concealed it from her mistress, but she can't hide it from me."

"Who are you?" repeated Rosamond. "And what in the world do you stand there for—between us and the sunlight?"

Mrs. Jazeph neither answered nor raised her eyes. She only moved back timidly to the farthest corner of the window.

"Did you not get a message from me this afternoon?" asked the Doctor, appealing to Mrs. Frankland.

"To be sure I did," replied Rosamond. "A very kind, flattering message about a new nurse."

"There she is," said Mr. Orridge, pointing across the bed to Mrs. Jazeph.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Rosamond. "But of course it must be. Who else could have come in with you? I ought to have known that. Pray come here—(what is her name, Doctor? Joseph, did you say?—No?—Jazeph?)—pray come nearer, Mrs. Jazeph, and let me apologize for speaking so abruptly to you. I am more obliged than I can say, for your kindness in coming here, and for your mistress's good-nature in resigning you to me. I hope I shall not give you much trouble, and I am sure you will find the baby easy to manage. He is a perfect angel, and sleeps like a dormouse. Dear me! now I look at you a little closer, I am afraid you are in very delicate health yourself. Doctor! if Mrs. Jazeph would not be offended with me, I should almost feel inclined to say that she looks in want of nursing herself."

Mrs. Jazeph bent down over the laburnum blossoms on the bed, and began hurriedly and confusedly to gather them together.

"I thought as you do, Mrs. Frankland," said Mr. Orridge. "But I have been assured that Mr. Jazeph's looks belie her, and that her capabilities, as a nurse, quite equal her zeal."

"Are you going to make all that laburnum into a nosegay?" asked Mrs. Frankland, noticing how the new nurse was occupying herself. "How thoughtful of you! and how magnificent it will be! I am afraid you will find the room very untidy. I will ring for my maid to set it to rights."

"If you will allow me to put it in order, ma'am, I shall be very glad to begin being of use to you in that way," said Mrs. Jazeph. When she made the offer she looked up, and her eyes and Mrs. Frankland's met. Rosamond instantly drew back on the pillow, and her color altered a little.

"How strangely you look at me!" she said.

Mrs. Jazeph started at the words, as if something had struck her, and moved away suddenly to the window.

"You are not offended with me, I hope?" said Rosamond, noticing the action. "I have a sad habit of saying any thing that comes uppermost. And I really thought you looked just now as if you saw something about me that frightened or grieved you. Pray put the room in order, if you are kindly willing to undertake the trouble. And never mind what I say—you will soon get used to my ways—and we shall be as comfortable and friendly—"

Just as Mrs. Frankland said the words, "comfortable" and "friendly," the new nurse left the window, and went back to the part of the room where she was hidden from view, between the fire-place and the closed curtains at the foot of the bed. Rosamond looked round to express her surprise to the Doctor, but he turned away at the same moment so as to occupy a position which might enable him to observe what Mrs. Jazeph was doing on the other side of the bed-curtains.

When he first caught sight of her, her hands were both raised to her face. Before he could decide whether he had surprised her in the act of clasping them over her eyes or not, they changed their position, and were occupied in removing her bonnet. After she had placed this part of her wearing apparel, and her shawl and gloves, on a chair in the corner of the room, she went to the dressing-table, and began to arrange the various useful and ornamental objects scattered about it. She set them in order with remarkable dexterity and neatness, showing a taste for arrangement, and a capacity for discriminating between things that were likely to be wanted and things that were not, which impressed Mr. Orridge very favorably. He particularly noticed the carefulness with which she handled some bottles of physic, reading the labels on each, and arranging the medicine that might be required at night on one side of the table, and the medicine that might be required in the day-time on the other. When she left the dressing-table, and occupied herself in setting the furniture straight, and in folding up articles of clothing that had been thrown on one side, not the slightest movement of her thin wasted hands seemed ever to be made at hazard or in vain. Noiselessly, modestly, observantly, she moved from side to side of the room, and neatness and order followed her steps wherever she went. When Mr. Orridge resumed his place at Mrs. Frankland's bedside, his mind was at ease on one point at least—it was perfectly evident that the new nurse could be depended on to make no mistakes.

"What an odd woman she is!" whispered Rosamond.

"Odd, indeed," returned Mr. Orridge, "and desperately broken in health, though she may not confess to it. However, she is wonderfully neat-handed and careful, and there can be no harm in trying her for one night—that is to say, unless you feel any objection."

"On the contrary," said Rosamond, she rather interests me. There is something in her face and manner—I can't say what—that makes me feel curious to know more of her. I must get her to talk, and try if I can't bring out all her peculiarities. Don't be afraid of my exciting myself, and don't stop here in this dull room on my account. I would much rather you went down stairs, and kept my husband company over his wine. Do go and talk to him, and amuse him a little—he must be so dull, poor fellow, while I am up here; and he likes you, Mr. Orridge—he does, very much. Stop one moment, and just look at the baby again. He doesn't take a dangerous quantity of sleep, does he? And, Mr. Orridge, one word more: when you have done your wine, you will promise to lend my husband the use of your eyes, and bring him up stairs to wish me good-night, won't you?"

Willingly engaging to pay attention to Mrs. Frankland's request, Mr. Orridge left the bedside. As he opened the room door, he stopped to tell Mrs. Jazeph that he should be down stairs if she wanted him, and that he would give her any instructions of which she might stand in need later in the evening, before he had left the inn for the night. The new nurse, when he passed by her, was kneeling over one of Mrs. Frankland's open trunks, arranging some articles of clothing which had been rather carelessly folded up. Just before he spoke to her he observed that she had a chemisette in her hand, the frill of which was laced through with ribbon. One end of this ribbon she appeared to him to be on the point of drawing out, when the sound of his footsteps disturbed her. The moment she became aware of his approach, she dropped the chemisette suddenly in the trunk, and covered it over with some handkerchiefs. Although this proceeding on Mrs. Jazeph's part rather surprised the Doctor, he abstained from showing that he had noticed it. Her mistress had vouched for her character, after five years' experience of it, and the bit of ribbon was intrinsically worthless. On both accounts, it was impossible to suspect her of attempting to steal it; and yet, as Mr. Orridge could not help feeling when he had left the room, her conduct, when he surprised her over the trunk, was exactly the conduct of a person who is about to commit a theft.

"Pray don't trouble yourself about my luggage," said Rosamond, remarking Mrs. Jazeph's occupation as soon as the Doctor had gone. "That is my idle maid's business, and you will make her more careless than ever if you do it for her. I am sure the room is beautifully set in order. Come here, and sit down and rest yourself. You must be a very unselfish, kind-hearted woman to give yourself all this trouble to serve a stranger. The Doctor's message this afternoon told me that your mistress was a friend of my poor, dear father's. I suppose she must have known him before my time. Any way, I feel doubly grateful to her for taking an interest in me for my father's sake. But you can have no such feeling; you must have come here from pure good-nature and anxiety to help others. Don't go away, there, to the window. Come and sit down by me."

Mrs. Jazeph had risen from the trunk, and was approaching the bedside—when she suddenly turned away in the direction of the fire-place, just as Mrs. Frankland began to speak of her father.

"Come and sit here," reiterated Rosamond, getting impatient at receiving no answer. "What in the world are you doing there at the foot of the bed?"

The figure of the new nurse again interposed between the bed and the fading evening light that glimmered through the window, before there was any reply.

"The evening is closing in," said Mrs. Jazeph, "and the window is not quite shut. I was thinking of making it fast, and of drawing down the blind—if you had no objection, ma'am?"

"Oh, not yet! not yet! Shut the window, if you please, in case the baby should catch cold, but don't draw down the blind. Let me get my peep at the view as long as there is any light left to see it by. That long flat stretch of grazing-ground out there is just beginning, at this dim time, to look a little like my childish recollections of a Cornish moor. Do you know any thing about Cornwall, Mrs. Jazeph?"

"I have heard—" At those first three words of reply the nurse stopped. She was just then engaged in shutting the window, and she seemed to find some difficulty in closing the lock.

"What have you heard?" asked Rosamond.

"I have heard that Cornwall is a wild, dreary country," said Mrs. Jazeph, still busying herself with the lock of the window, and, by consequence, still keeping her back turned on Mrs. Frankland.

"Can't you shut the window yet?" said Rosamond. "My maid always does it quite easily. Leave it till she comes up, I am going to ring for her directly. I want her to brush my hair and cool my face with a little Eau de Cologne and water."

"I have shut it, ma'am," said Mrs. Jazeph, suddenly succeeding in closing the lock. "And, if you will allow me, I should be very glad to make you comfortable for the night, and save you the trouble of ringing for the maid."

Thinking the new nurse the oddest woman she had ever met with, Mrs. Frankland accepted the offer. By the time Mrs. Jazeph had prepared the Eau de Cologne and water, the twilight was falling softly over the landscape outside, and the room was beginning to grow dark.

"Had you not better light a candle?" suggested Rosamond.

"I think not, ma'am," said Mrs. Jazeph, rather hastily. "I can see quite well without."

She began to brush Mrs. Frankland's hair as she spoke; and, at the same time, asked a question which referred to the few words that had passed between them on the subject of Cornwall. Pleased to find that the new nurse had grown familiar enough at last to speak before she was spoken to, Rosamond desired nothing better than to talk about her recollections of her native country. But, from some inexplicable reason, Mrs. Jazeph's touch, light and tender as it was, had such a strangely disconcerting effect on her that she could not succeed, for the moment, in collecting her thoughts so as to reply, except in the briefest manner. The careful hands of the nurse lingered with a stealthy gentleness among the locks of her hair; the pale, wasted face of the new nurse approached, every now and then, more closely to her own than appeared at all needful. A vague sensation of uneasiness which she could not trace to any particular part of her—which she could hardly say that she really felt, in a bodily sense, at all—seemed to be floating about her, to be hanging around and over her, like the air she breathed. She could not move, though she wanted to move, in the bed; she could not turn her head so as to humor the action of the brush; she could not look round; she could not break the embarrassing silence which had been caused by her own short, discouraging answer. At last the sense of oppression—whether fancied or real—irritated her into snatching the brush out of Mrs. Jazeph's hand. The instant she had done so, she felt ashamed of the discourteous abruptness of the action, and confused at the alarm and surprise which the manner of the nurse exhibited. With the strongest sense of the absurdity of her own conduct, and yet without the least power of controlling herself, she burst out laughing, and tossed the brush away to the foot of the bed.

"Pray don't look surprised, Mrs. Jazeph," she said, still laughing, without knowing why, and without feeling in the slightest degree amused. "I'm very rude and odd, I know. You have brushed my hair delightfully; but—I can't tell how—it seemed, all the time, as if you were brushing the strangest fancies into my head. I can't help laughing at them—I can't, indeed! Do you know, once or twice, I absolutely fancied, when your face was closest to mine, that you wanted to kiss me! Did you ever hear of any thing so ridiculous? I declare I am more of a baby, in some things, than the little darling here by my side!"

Mrs. Jazeph made no answer. She left the bed while Rosamond was speaking, and came back, after an unaccountably long delay, with the Eau de Cologne and water. As she held the basin while Mrs. Frankland bathed her face, she kept away at arm's length, and came no nearer when it was time to offer the towel. Rosamond began to be afraid that she had seriously offended Mrs. Jazeph, and tried to soothe and propitiate her by asking questions about the management of the baby. There was a slight trembling in the sweet voice of the new nurse, but not the faintest tone of sullenness or anger, as she simply and quietly answered the inquiries addressed to her. By dint of keeping the conversation still on the subject of the child, Mrs. Frankland succeeded, little by little, in luring her back to the bedside—in tempting her to bend down admiringly over the infant—in emboldening her, at last, to kiss him tenderly on the cheek. One kiss was all that she gave; and she turned away from the bed, after it, and sighed heavily.

The sound of that sigh fell very sadly on Rosamond's heart. Up to this time, the baby's little span of life had always been associated with smiling faces and pleasant words. It made her uneasy to think that any one could caress him and sigh after it.

"I am sure you must be fond of children," she said, hesitating a little from natural delicacy of feeling. "But, will you excuse me for noticing that it seems rather a mournful fondness? Pray—pray don't answer my question if it gives you any pain—if you have any loss to deplore; but—but I do so want to ask if you have ever had a child of your own?"

Mrs. Jazeph was standing near a chair when that question was put. She caught fast hold of the back of it, grasping it so firmly, or perhaps leaning on it so heavily, that the wood-work cracked. Her head drooped low on her bosom. She did not utter, or even attempt to utter, a single word.

Fearing that she must have lost a child of her own, and dreading to distress her unnecessarily by venturing to ask any more questions, Rosamond said nothing, as she stooped over the baby to kiss him in her turn. Her lips rested on his cheek a little above where Mrs. Jazeph's lips had rested the moment before, and they touched a spot of wet on his smooth warm skin. Fearing that some of the water in which she had been bathing her face might have dropped on him, she passed her fingers lightly over his head, neck, and bosom, and felt no other spots of wet any where. The one drop that had fallen on him was the drop that wetted the cheek which the new nurse had kissed.

The twilight faded over the landscape, the room grew darker and darker; and still, though she was now sitting close to the table on which the candles and matches were placed, Mrs. Jazeph made no attempt to strike a light. Rosamond did not feel quite comfortable at the idea of lying awake in the darkness, with nobody in the room but a person who was as yet almost a total stranger; and she resolved to have the candles lighted immediately.

"Mrs. Jazeph," she said, looking toward the gathering obscurity outside the window, "I shall be much obliged to you, if you will light the candles, and pull down the blind. I can trace no more resemblances out there, now, to a Cornish prospect; the view has gone altogether."

"Are you very fond of Cornwall, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Jazeph, rising, in rather a dilatory manner, to light the candles.

"Indeed I am," said Rosamond. "I was born there; and my husband and I were on our way to Cornwall when we were obliged to stop, on my account, at this place. You are a long time getting the candles lit. Can't you find the match-box?"

Mrs. Jazeph, with an awkwardness which was rather surprising in a person who had shown so much neat-handedness in setting the room to rights, broke the first match in attempting to light it, and let the second out the instant after the flame was kindled. At the third attempt she was more successful; but she only lit one candle, and that one she carried away from the table which Mrs. Frankland could see, to the dressing-table, which was hidden from her by the curtains at the foot of the bed.

"Why do you move the candle?" asked Rosamond.

"I thought it was best for your eyes, ma'am, not to have the light too near them," replied Mrs. Jazeph; and then added, hastily, as if she was unwilling to give Mrs. Frankland time to make any objections—"And so you were going to Cornwall, ma'am, when you stopped at this place? To travel about there a little, I suppose?" After saying these words, she took up the second candle, and passed out of sight as she carried it to the dressing-table.

Rosamond thought that the nurse, in spite of her gentle looks and manners, was a remarkably obstinate woman. But she was too good-natured to care about asserting her right to have the candles placed where she pleased; and, when she answered Mrs. Jazeph's question, she still spoke to her as cheerfully and familiarly as ever.

"Oh, dear no! Not to travel about," she said: "but to go straight to the old country house where I was born. It belongs to my husband, now, Mrs. Jazeph. I have not been near it since I was a little girl of five years of age. Such a ruinous, rambling old place! You, who talk of the dreariness and wildness of Cornwall, would be quite horrified at the very idea of living in Porthgenna Tower."

The faintly rustling sound of Mrs. Jazeph's silk dress, as she moved about the dressing-table, had been audible all the while Rosamond was speaking. It ceased instantaneously when she said the words "Porthgenna Tower;" and, for one moment, there was a dead silence in the room.

"You, who have been living all your life, I suppose, in nicely-repaired houses, can not imagine what a place it is that we are going to, when I am well enough to travel again," pursued Rosamond. "What do you think, Mrs. Jazeph, of a house, with one whole side of it that has never been inhabited for sixty or seventy years past? You may get some notion of the size of Porthgenna Tower from that. There is a west side that we are to live in when we get there, and a north side, where the empty old rooms are, which I hope we shall be able to repair. Only think of the hosts of odd, old-fashioned things that we may find in those uninhabited rooms! I mean to put on the cook's apron and the gardener's gloves, and rummage all over them from top to bottom. How I shall astonish the housekeeper, when I get to Porthgenna, and ask her for the keys of the ghostly North Rooms!"

A low cry, and a sound as if something had struck against the dressing-table, followed Mrs. Frankland's last words. She started in the bed, and asked eagerly what was the matter.

"Nothing," answered Mrs. Jazeph, speaking so constrainedly that her voice dropped to a whisper. "Nothing, ma'am—nothing, I assure you. I struck my side, by accident, against the table—pray don't be alarmed! it's not worth noticing."

"But you speak as if you were in pain," said Rosamond.

"No, no, not in pain. Not hurt, not hurt, indeed."

While Mrs. Jazeph was declaring that she was not hurt, the door of the room was opened, and the Doctor entered, leading in Mr. Frankland.

"We come early, Mrs. Frankland, but we are going to give you plenty of time to compose yourself for the night," said Mr. Orridge. He paused, and noticed that Rosamond's color was heightened. "I am afraid you have been talking and exciting yourself a little too much," he went on. "If you will excuse me for venturing on the suggestion, Mr. Frankland, I think the sooner good-night is said the better. Where is the nurse?"

Mrs. Jazeph sat down with her back to the lighted candle when she heard herself asked for. Just before that, she had been looking at Mr. Frankland with an eager, undisguised curiosity, which, if any one had noticed it, must have appeared surprisingly out of character with her usual modesty and refinement of manner.

"I am afraid the nurse has accidentally hurt her side more than she is willing to confess," said Rosamond to the Doctor, pointing, with one hand, to the place in which Mrs. Jazeph was sitting, and raising the other to her husband's neck as he stooped over her pillow.

Mr. Orridge, on inquiring what had happened, could not prevail on the new nurse to acknowledge that the accident was of the slightest consequence. He suspected, nevertheless, that she was suffering, or, at least, that something had happened to discompose her; for he found the greatest difficulty in fixing her attention, while he gave her a few needful directions in case her services were required during the night. All the time he was speaking, her eyes wandered away from him to the part of the room where Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were talking together. Mrs. Jazeph looked like the last person in the world who would be guilty of an act of impertinent curiosity; and yet she openly betrayed all the characteristics of an inquisitive woman, while Mr. Frankland was standing by his wife's pillow. The Doctor was obliged to assume his most peremptory manner before he could get her to attend to him at all.

"And now, Mrs. Frankland," said Mr. Orridge, turning away from the nurse, "as I have given Mrs. Jazeph all the directions she wants, I shall set the example of leaving you in quiet, by saying good-night."

Understanding the hint conveyed in these words, Mr. Frankland attempted to say good-night, too; but his wife kept tight hold of both his hands, and declared that it was unreasonable to expect her to let him go for another half hour at least. Mr. Orridge shook his head, and began to expatiate on the evils of over-excitement, and the blessings of composure and sleep. His remonstrances, however, would have produced very little effect, even if Rosamond had allowed him to continue them, but for the interposition of the baby, who happened to wake up at that moment, and who proved himself a powerful auxiliary on the Doctor's side, by absorbing all his mother's attention immediately. Seizing his opportunity at the right moment, Mr. Orridge quietly led Mr. Frankland out of the room, just as Rosamond was taking the child up in her arms. He stopped, before closing the door, to whisper one last word to Mrs. Jazeph.

"If Mrs. Frankland wants to talk, you must not encourage her," he said. "As soon as she has quieted the baby, she ought to go to sleep. There is a chair-bedstead in that corner which you can open for yourself when you want to lie down. Keep the candle where it is now, behind the curtain. The less light Mrs. Frankland sees, the sooner she will compose herself to sleep."

Mrs. Jazeph made no answer: she only looked at the Doctor, and courtesied. That strangely scared expression in her eyes, which he had noticed on first seeing her, was more painfully apparent than ever, when he left her alone for the night with the mother and child. "She will never do," thought Mr. Orridge, as he led Mr. Frankland down the inn stairs. "We shall have to send to London for a nurse, after all."

Feeling a little irritated by the summary manner in which her husband had been taken away from her, Rosamond fretfully rejected the offers of assistance which were made to her by Mrs. Jazeph as soon as the Doctor had left the room. The nurse said nothing when her services were declined, and yet, judging by her conduct, she seemed anxious to speak. Twice she advanced toward the bedside—opened her lips—stopped—and retired confusedly, before she settled herself finally in her former place by the dressing-table. Here she remained, silent and out of sight, until the child had been quieted, and had fallen asleep in his mother's arms, with one little pink, half-closed hand resting on her bosom. Rosamond could not resist raising the hand to her lips, though she risked waking him again by doing so. As she kissed it, the sound of the kiss was followed by a faint, suppressed sob, proceeding from the other side of the curtains at the lower end of the bed.

"What is that?" she exclaimed.

"Nothing, ma'am," said Mrs. Jazeph, in the same constrained, whispering tones in which she had answered Mrs. Frankland's former question. "I think I was just falling asleep in the arm-chair, here; and I ought to have told you perhaps that, having had my troubles, and being afflicted with a heart complaint, I have a habit of sighing in my sleep. It means nothing, ma'am, and I hope you will be good enough to excuse it."

Rosamond's generous instincts were aroused in a moment. "Excuse it!" she said. "I hope I may do better than that, Mrs. Jazeph, and be the means of relieving it. When Mr. Orridge comes to-morrow, you shall consult him, and I will take care that you want for nothing that he may order. No! no! Don't thank me until I have been the means of making you well—and keep where you are, if the arm-chair is comfortable. The baby is asleep again; and I should like to have half an hour's quiet, before I change to the night-side of the bed. Stop where you are for the present: I will call as soon as I want you."

So far from exercising a soothing effect on Mrs. Jazeph, these kindly-meant words produced the precisely opposite result of making her restless. She began to walk about the room, and confusedly attempted to account for the change in her conduct, by saying that she wished to satisfy herself that all her arrangements were properly made for the night. In a few minutes more, she began, in defiance of the Doctor's prohibition, to tempt Mrs. Frankland into talking again, by asking questions about Porthgenna Tower, and by referring to the chances for and against its being chosen as a permanent residence by the young married couple.

"Perhaps, ma'am," she said, speaking on a sudden, with an eagerness in her voice which was curiously at variance with the apparent indifference of her manner. "Perhaps, when you see Porthgenna Tower, you may not like it so well as you think you will now? Who can tell that you may not get tired and leave the place again after a few days—especially if you go into the empty rooms? I should have thought—if you will excuse my saying so, ma'am—I should have thought that a lady like you would have liked to get as far away as possible from dirt, and dust, and disagreeable smells!"

"I can face worse inconveniences than those, where my curiosity is concerned," said Rosamond. "And I am more curious to see the uninhabited rooms at Porthgenna than to see the Seven Wonders of the World. Even if we don't settle altogether at the old house, I feel certain that we shall stay there for some time."

At that answer, Mrs. Jazeph abruptly turned away, and asked no more questions. She retired to a corner of the room near the door, where the chair-bedstead stood which the Doctor had pointed out to her—occupied herself for a few minutes in making it ready for the night—then left it as suddenly as she had approached it, and began to walk up and down, once more. This unaccountable restlessness, which had already surprised Rosamond, now made her feel rather uneasy—especially when she once or twice overheard Mrs. Jazeph talking to herself. Judging by words and fragments of sentences that were audible now and then, her mind was still running, with the most inexplicable persistency, on the subject of Porthgenna Tower. As the minutes wore on, and she continued to walk up and down, and still went on talking, Rosamond's uneasiness began to strengthen into something like alarm. She resolved to awaken Mrs. Jazeph in the least offensive manner, to a sense of the strangeness of her own conduct, by noticing that she was talking, but by not appearing to understand that she was talking to herself.

"What did you say?" asked Rosamond—putting the question at a moment when the nurse's voice was most distinctly betraying her in the act of thinking aloud.

Mrs. Jazeph stopped, and raised her head vacantly, as if she had been awakened out of a heavy sleep.

"I thought you were saying something more about our old house," continued Rosamond. "I thought I heard you say that I ought not to go to Porthgenna, or that you would not go there in my place, or something of that sort."

Mrs. Jazeph blushed like a young girl. "I think you must have been mistaken, ma'am," she said, and stooped over the chair-bedstead again.

Watching her anxiously, Rosamond saw that, while she was affecting to arrange the bedstead, she was doing nothing whatever to prepare it for being slept in. What did that mean? What did her whole conduct mean for the last half hour? As Mrs. Frankland asked herself those questions, the thrill of a terrible suspicion turned her cold to the very roots of her hair. It had never occurred to her before, but it suddenly struck her now with the force of positive conviction that the new nurse was not in her right senses.

All that was unaccountable in her behavior—her odd disappearances behind the curtains, at the foot of the bed; her lingering, stealthy, over-familiar way of using the hair-brush; her silence at one time, her talkativeness at another; her restlessness, her whispering to herself, her affectation of being deeply engaged in doing something which she was not doing at all—every one of her strange actions (otherwise incomprehensible) became intelligible in a moment on that one dreadful supposition that she was mad.

Terrified as she was, Rosamond kept her presence of mind. One of her arms stole instinctively round the child; and she had half raised the other to catch at the bell-rope hanging above her pillow, when she saw Mrs. Jazeph turn and look at her.

A woman possessed only of ordinary nerve would, probably, at that instant, have pulled at the bell-rope in the unreasoning desperation of sheer fright. Rosamond had courage enough to calculate consequences, and to remember that Mrs. Jazeph would have time to lock the door before assistance could arrive, if she betrayed her suspicions by ringing without first assigning some plausible reason for doing so. She slowly closed her eyes as the nurse looked at her, partly to convey the notion that she was composing herself to sleep—partly to gain time to think of some safe excuse for summoning her maid. The flurry of her spirits, however, interfered with the exercise of her ingenuity. Minute after minute dragged on heavily, and still she could think of no assignable reason for ringing the bell.

She was just doubting whether it would not be safest to send Mrs. Jazeph out of the room, on some message to her husband, to lock the door the moment she was alone, and then to ring—she was just doubting whether she would boldly adopt this course of proceeding, or not, when she heard the rustle of the nurse's silk dress approaching the bedside.

Her first impulse was to snatch at the bell-rope; but fear had paralyzed her hand; she could not raise it from the pillow.

The rustling of the silk dress ceased. She half unclosed her eyes and saw that the nurse was stopping midway between the part of the room from which she had advanced, and the bedside. There was nothing wild or angry in her look. The agitation which her face expressed was the agitation of perplexity and alarm. She stood rapidly ~~clasping and~~ unclasping her hands, the image of bewilderment and distress—stood so for nearly a minute—then came forward a few steps more, and said, inquiringly, in a whisper,

"Not asleep? not quite asleep, yet?"

Rosamond tried to speak in answer, but the quick beating of her heart seemed to rise up to her very lips, and to stifle the words on them.

The nurse came on, still with the same perplexity and distress in her face, to within a foot of the bedside—knelt down by the pillow, and looked earnestly at Rosamond—shuddered a little, and glanced all round her, as if to make sure that the room was empty—bent forward—hesitated—bent nearer, and whispered into her ear these words:

"When you go to Porthgenna, keep out of the Myrtle Room!"

The hot breath of the woman, as she spoke, beat on Rosamond's cheek, and seemed to fly in one fever-throb through every vein in her body. The nervous shock of that unutterable sensation burst the bonds of the terror that had hitherto held her motionless and speechless. She started up in bed with a scream, caught hold of the bell-rope, and pulled it violently.

"Oh, hush! hush!" cried Mrs. Jazeph, sinking back on her knees, and beating her hands together despairingly with the helpless gesticulation of a child.

Rosamond rang again and again. Hurrying footsteps and eager voices were heard outside on the stairs. It was not ten o'clock yet—nobody had retired for the night—and the violent ringing had already alarmed the house.

The nurse rose to her feet, staggered back from the bedside, and supported herself against the wall of the room, as the footsteps and the voices reached the door. She said not another word. The hands that she had been beating together so violently but an instant before hung down nerveless at her side. The blank of a great agony spread over all her face, and stilled it awfully.

The first person who entered the room was Mrs. Frankland's maid, and the landlady followed her.

"Fetch Mr. Frankland," said Rosamond, faintly, addressing the landlady. "I want to speak to him directly. You," she continued, beckoning to the maid, "sit by me here till your master comes. I have been dreadfully frightened. Don't ask me questions; but stop here."

The maid stared at her mistress in amazement; then looked round with a disparaging frown at the nurse. When the landlady left the room to fetch Mr. Frankland, she had moved a little away from the wall so as to command a full view of the bed. Her eyes fixed with a look of breathless suspense, of devouring anxiety, on Rosamond's face. From all her other features the expression seemed to be gone. She said nothing, she noticed nothing. She did not start, she did not move aside an inch, when the landlady returned, and led Mr. Frankland to his wife.

"Lenny! don't let the new nurse stop here to-night—pray, pray don't!" whispered Rosamond, eagerly catching her husband by the arm.

Warned by the trembling of her hand, Mr. Frankland laid his fingers lightly on her temples and on her heart.

"Good Heavens, Rosamond! what has happened? I left you quiet and comfortable, and now—"

"I've been frightened, dear—dreadfully frightened, by the new nurse. Don't be hard on her, poor creature; she is not in her right senses—I am certain she is not. Only get her away quietly—only send her back at once to where she came from. I shall die of the fright, if she stops here. She has been behaving so strangely, she has spoken such words to me—Lenny! Lenny! don't let go of my hand. She came stealing up to me so horribly, just where you are now; she knelt down at my ear and whispered—Oh, such words!"

"Hush, hush, love!" said Mr. Frankland, getting seriously alarmed by the violence of Rosamond's agitation. "Never mind repeating the words now; wait till you are calmer—I beg and entreat of you, wait till you are calmer. I will do every thing you wish, if you will only lie down and be quiet, and try to compose yourself before you say another word. It is quite enough for me to know that this woman has frightened you, and that you wish her to be sent away with as little harshness as possible. We will put off all further explanations till to-morrow morning. I deeply regret now that I did not persist in carrying out my own idea of sending for a proper nurse from London. Where is the landlady?"

The landlady placed herself by Mr. Frankland's side.

"Is it late?" asked Leonard.

"Oh no, Sir; not ten o'clock yet."

"Order a fly to be brought to the door, then, as soon as possible, if you please. Where is the nurse?"

"Standing behind you, Sir, near the wall," said the maid.

As Mr. Frankland turned in that direction, Rosamond whispered to him: "Don't be hard on her, Lenny!"

The maid, looking with contemptuous curiosity at Mrs. Jazeph, saw the whole expression of her countenance alter as those words were spoken. The tears rose thick in her eyes, and flowed down her cheeks. The deathly spell of stillness that had lain on her face was broken in an instant. She drew back again, close to the wall, and leaned against it as before. "Don't be hard on her!" the maid heard her repeat to herself, in a low, sobbing voice. "Don't be hard on her! Oh, my God! she said that kindly—she said that kindly, at least!"

"I have no desire to speak to you, or to use you unkindly," said Mr. Frankland, imperfectly hearing what she said. "I know nothing of what has happened, and I make no accusations. I only see Mrs. Frankland violently agitated and frightened; I hear her connect that agitation with you—not angrily, but compassionately—and, instead of speaking harshly, I prefer leaving it to your own sense of what is right, to decide whether your attendance here ought not to cease at once. I have provided the proper means for your conveyance from this place; and I would suggest that you should make our apologies to your mistress, and say nothing more than that circumstances have happened which oblige us to dispense with your services."

"You have been considerate toward me, Sir," said Mrs. Jazeph, speaking quietly, and with a certain gentle dignity in her manner, "and I will not prove myself unworthy of your forbearance by saying what I might say in my own defense." She advanced into the middle of the room, and stopped where she could see Rosamond plainly. Twice she attempted to speak, and twice her voice failed her. At the third effort, she succeeded in controlling herself.

"Before I go, ma'am," she said, "I hope you will believe that I have no bitter feeling against you, for sending me away. I am not angry—pray remember always that I was not angry, and that I never complained."

There was such a forlornness in her face, such a sweet, sorrowful resignation in every tone of her voice, during the utterance of these few words, that Rosamond's heart smote her.

"Why did you frighten me?" she asked, half relenting.

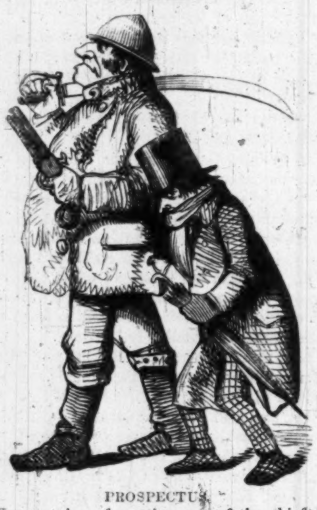
"Frighten you? How could I frighten you? Oh me! of all the people in the world, how could *I* frighten you?" Mournfully saying these words, the nurse went to the chair on which she had placed her bonnet and shawl, and put them on. The landlady and the maid, watching her with curious eyes, detected that she was again weeping bitterly, and noticed with astonishment, at the same time, how neatly she put on her bonnet and shawl. The wasted hands were moving mechanically, and were trembling while they moved—and yet, slight thing though it was, the inexorable instinct of propriety guided their most trifling actions still!

On her way to the door she stopped again at passing the bedside, looked through her tears at Rosamond and the child, struggled a little with herself, and then spoke her farewell words—

"God bless you, and keep you and your child happy and prosperous," she said. "I am not angry at being sent away. If you ever think of me again, after to-night, please to remember that I was not angry, and that I never complained."

She stood for a moment longer, still weeping, and still looking through her tears at the mother and child—then turned away; and walked to the door. Something in the last tones of her voice caused a silence in the room. Of the four persons in it not one could utter a word, as the nurse closed the door gently, and went out from them alone.

THE ANTI-GARROTE ASSURANCE COMPANY.



PROSPECTUS.

WITH a view of meeting one of the chief exigences of the time, the Directors of this Company feel pleasure in submitting their prospectus to the notice of the nervous public. It having become proverbial that the Police are only to be found when they are not wanted, and there being no authentic case on record of their having ever yet come up in time to prevent a garrote robbery, the Directors have decided that while the "force" has a weakness for cooks and sausage suppers, it is imperative that other means should be adopted for insuring the protection of the public. The Company have therefore set on foot a body of their own, having no connection with the members of the MAYNE force, and composed of men of such surpassing ugliness, that there is little danger of their whiskers finding favor in the eyes at kitchen windows, and of their area-sneaking from their duties like their leg-of-mutton-loving brethren.

These protectives will be nightly in attendance at the Stations of the Company, and will hold themselves in readiness at half a minute's notice to obey the summons of any one insured in it, and escort him in safety through the dangers of the district. It will also be feasible, on the payment of a slight addition to the premium, to secure the guard of a protective officer every evening of the week at a fixed time and place; so that business men of punctual habits, who may be residing at a distance from their omnibus, may regularly insure themselves a safe walk home from it. In the same manner, too, a special escort may be ordered in those suburban wastes where cabs are unprocurable, and where visiting is now very nearly put a stop to, on account of the dangers of the getting home. There will, however, in this case, be a proviso in the policy for the payment of a stated personal gratuity, whenever the protectives are detained after midnight; and when summoned to a dinner-party, their fees will be proportioned to the corks which have been drawn, and the consequent cork-screwiness which any gentleman may manifest in his homeward ambulation.

While specifying some of the corporeal advantages which will be secured to those insuring in the Company, the Directors scarcely need call notice to its mental benefits, nor point out how immensely they expect it will conduce to the peace of mind, not of the insured alone, but of their wives and families. By paying a small yearly premium (the rate to be proportioned in some measure to the strength and stature of the person who desires to be protected), every affectionate husband and father will henceforth have the means of effectually allaying that conjugal anxiety which has of late infected the suburban districts. The approach of dinner-time need now no longer rouse such terrors in the wifely heart, lest, in coming down that single-lamp-lit road, to which after nightfall, no policeman ever penetrates, her Tomkins should have found himself embraced by some other arms than those of Mrs. T.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

"I never can keep any thing," cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things and loses them." She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that I think you might keep, if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that, perhaps you would find it easy to keep other things. I dare say, now, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time; but you have not even looked for them. You have only got into a passion—a bad way of spending time, and you have accused somebody, and very unjustly, too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear; when you have mislaid any article, keep your temper and search for it. You had better keep your temper, if you lose all the little property you possess; getting into a passion never brings any thing to light except a distorted face, and by losing your temper you become guilty of two sins—you get into a passion, and accuse somebody of being the cause. So, my dear, I repeat, keep your temper."

Emma subdued her ill humor, searched for the articles she had lost, and found them in her work-bag.

"Why, mamma, here they are; I might have been sewing all this time, if I had kept my temper."

HAPPY MARY.

SHE moved about the house like a sunbeam. I heard her singing as she passed to and fro, and her mother heard her too, and said, with a fond smile,

"It is Mary! She is always the same, always happy. I do not know what I would do without her."

"I do not know what any of us would do without Mary," repeated her eldest daughter, and the rest echoed her words.

Her youngest brother is of a violent temper, and is always quarreling with somebody; but he never quarrels with Mary because she will not quarrel with him, but strives to turn aside his anger by gentle words. Even her very presence has an influence over him.

DID HE DIE FOR ME?

A LITTLE child sat quietly upon its mother's lap. Its soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story. The tones of the voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled sadness and joy. Sometimes they scarcely rose above a whisper, but the listening babe caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek, as the story went on increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its earnest eyes, and a low sob broke the stillness as its mother concluded. A moment and the ruby lips parted, and in tones made tremulous by eagerness, the child inquired,

"Did He die for me, mamma?"

"Yes, my child, for you—for all."

"May I love Him always, mamma, and dearly too?"

"Yes, my darling, it was to win your love that He left his bright and beautiful home."

"And He will love me, mamma, I know He will. He died for me. When may I see Him in his other home?"

"When your spirit leaves this world, my darling."

"My spirit?" murmured the child.

"Yes, your spirit; that part of you which thinks, and knows, and loves. If you love Him here, you will go live with Him in heaven."

"And I *may* love Him here. How glad you have made me, dear mamma."

And the mother bowed her head, and prayed silently and earnestly that her babe might love the Saviour.

JUDGE NOT THY NEIGHBOR.

WHAT are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone.

WHAT THE WIND SAYS.

"Do you know what the winter's wind says, grandpa?" asked a little child at an old merchant's knee.

"No, puss; what does it?" he answered, stroking her fair hair.

"'Remember the poor!' Grandpa, when it comes down the chimney it *roars*, 'Remember the poor!' when it puts its great mouth to the keyhole it *whistles*, 'Remember the poor!' when it strides through a crack in the door it *whispers* it; and grandpa, when it blows your beautiful silver hair in the street, and you shiver and button up your coat, does it not get at your ear, and say so too, in a small voice, grandpa?"

"Why, what does the child mean?" cried grandpa, who, I am afraid, had been used to shut his heart against such words. "You want a new muff and tippet, I reckon; a pretty way to get them out of your old grandfather."

"No, grandpa," said the child, earnestly, shaking her head; "no; it's the *no* muff and tippet children I'm thinking of; my mother always remembers them, and so do I try."

After the next storm the old merchant sent fifty dollars to the treasurer of a relief society, and said, "Call for more when you want it." The treasurer started with surprise, for it was the first time he had ever collected more than a dollar from him, and that, he thought, came grudgingly.

"Why," said the old merchant, afterward, "I could never get rid of that child's words; they stuck to me like glue."

"And a little child shall lead them," says the Scripture. How many a cold heart has melted, and a close heart opened, by the simple earnestness and suggestive words of a child!

THERE IS ANOTHER MAN.

DURING a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvas shelter on deck suggested the idea that there might yet be life on board. The order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off to the wreck. They reach it; they shout, and now a strange object rolls out of that canvas screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Handed into the boat, it proves to be the body of a man, bent head and knees together, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather about it—it shows signs of life—they draw nearer—it moves, and then mutters in a deep, sepulchral voice, "*There is another man!*" Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another! Oh, learn that blessed lesson! Be daily practicing it.

THE HAND THAT SAVES US.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a cathedral. Both stood on a rude scaffolding, constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and, in admiration, stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight.

Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he neared the edge of the plank on which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost paralyzed with horror, beheld his imminent peril: another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush flung it against the wall, spattering the picture with unsightly blotches of coloring.

The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shuddering at the dreaded space below, and with tears of gratitude he blessed the hand that had saved him.

Just so, we sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of the world; and, in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty in mercy dashes out the beautiful images, and draws us, at the time we are complaining of His dealings, into his outstretched arms of compassion and love.

A GENTLE HINT.

REV. JONATHAN FRENCH, of South Andover, was to be supplied with wood by his parishioners, according to the terms of his settlement. Winter was coming on, but no wood had been furnished. Mr. French waited until the Governor's proclamation for Thanksgiving came, when, after reading it to his people, he said, with great apparent simplicity: "My brethren, you perceive that his Excellency has appointed next Thursday as a day of Thanksgiving, and, according to custom, it is my intention to prepare two discourses for that occasion *—provided I can write them without a fire.*" The hint took, and on the next day all his winter's wood was in his wood-yard.

A LESSON OF SOLOMON.

THE old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day in cultivating his field with his own hand, and depositing the promising seed into the fruitful lap of yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge Linden tree, a vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?" "If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson," resumed the spirit. "Go to the ant, and learn from that insect to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."

LABOR AND REST.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."
Russian Proverb.

Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done:
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won:
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease:
Two lips where grief is mute,
And wrath at peace.
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our loss:
God in His kindness answereth not.

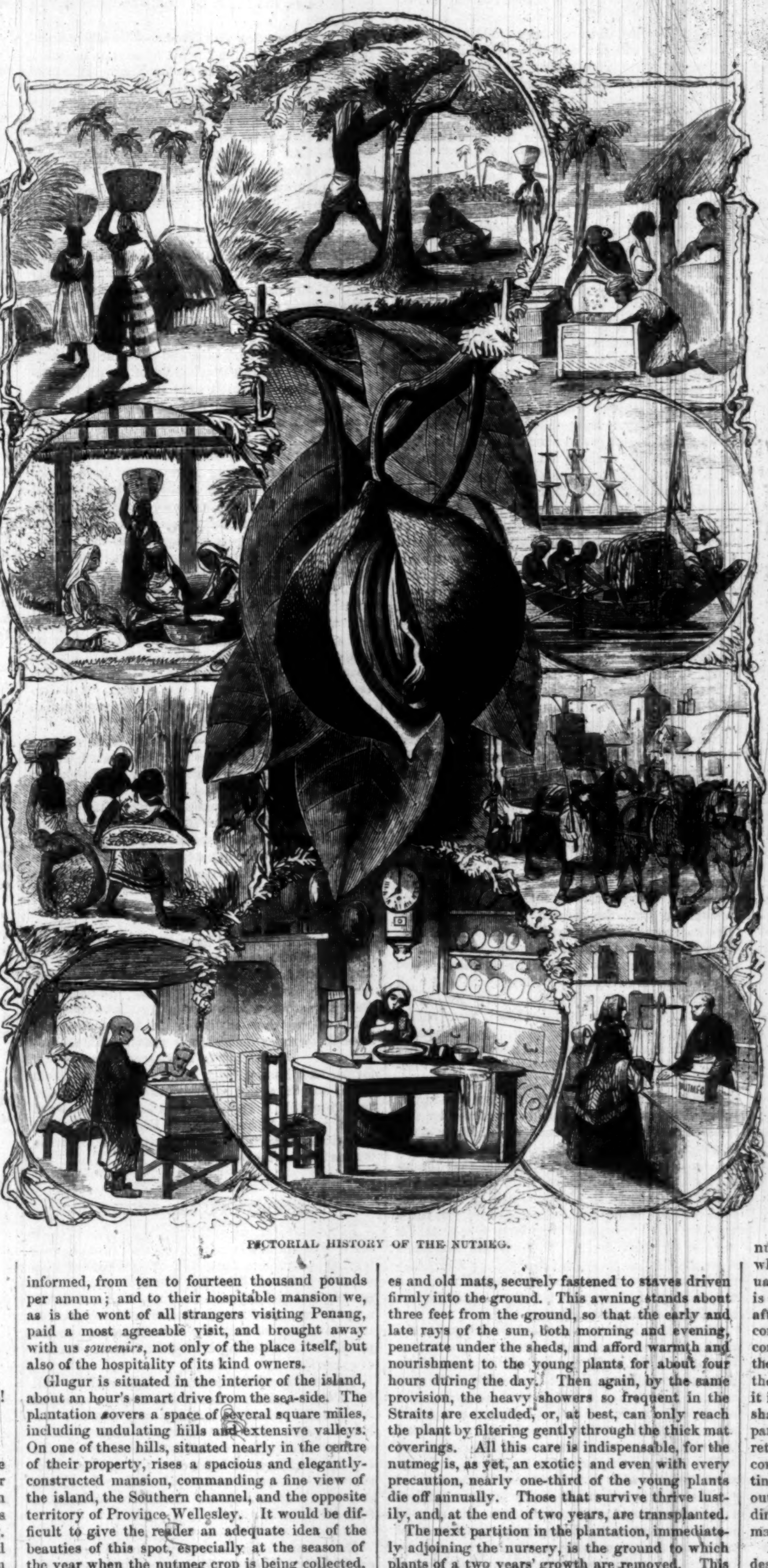
Two hands to work address'd
Aye for His praise:
Two feet that never rest,
Walking His ways:
Two eyes that look above
Still, through all tears:
Two lips that breathe but love,
Never more fears.
So cry we afterward, low at our knees:
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

THE KISS AND THE BLOW.

A VISITOR went into a school in Boston, where he saw a boy and a girl on one seat, who were sister and brother. In a moment of thoughtless passion the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her clenched fist was raised at her brother when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop, my dear," said he, "you had better kiss your brother than to strike him!" The look and word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss.

A NUTMEG PLANTATION.

THE island of Penang may now be said to consist of one vast plantation of nutmeg and fruit trees. Half a century ago this place was a perfect wilderness, overrun with rank vegetation, the miasma from which proved fatal to many of the early European settlers. Nowadays Penang has arrived at a very high state of cultivation, and, though the surface of the ground is uneven, consisting, as it does, of alternating hill and valley (with the exception of those levels occupied by George and James Town), the earth has been tilled and cultivated, trees planted up hill and down dale, till scarcely an acre remains unreclaimed. Almost every square foot of ground has become a certain source of revenue, yielding no scant return for the toils and costs of husbandry—for nutmeg plantations are as good as stock invested in the funds, with this advantage, that the percentage on the capital embarked is larger, and goes on increasing from year to year as the trees grow older and yield more abundant crops.



PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE NUTMEG.

The most extensive plantations in Penang at the time of the writer's visit were those of the Messrs. F. B. and Co. Their property, known as "Glugur," is very extensive, yielding, as we were informed, from ten to fourteen thousand pounds per annum; and to their hospitable mansion we, as is the wont of all strangers visiting Penang, paid a most agreeable visit, and brought away with us *souvenirs*, not only of the place itself, but also of the hospitality of its kind owners.

Glugur is situated in the interior of the island, about an hour's smart drive from the sea-side. The plantation covers a space of several square miles, including undulating hills and extensive valleys. On one of these hills, situated nearly in the centre of their property, rises a spacious and elegantly-constructed mansion, commanding a fine view of the island, the Southern channel, and the opposite territory of Province Wellesley. It would be difficult to give the reader an adequate idea of the beauties of this spot, especially at the season of the year when the nutmeg crop is being collected, and when the mangosteen and other luscious fruit trees have their boughs bent to the very ground by the weight of their rich produce. This estate may be regarded as the garden of Penang, for the beauty of its scenery and its vegetative wealth.

But the grand attraction at Glugur is undoubtedly the nutmeg plantation. Many of our readers may perhaps be ignorant of the history of that aromatic nut, the agreeable flavor of which is always so welcome in the custard, and in the otherwise somewhat insipid sago of the suffering invalid. If they will be so good as to accompany us in our tour of inspection, we shall be pleased to act as guide and interpreter, and explain matters, so far as lies in our humble power, as we ride along.

First, then, having passed through the vast number of maturer trees in the neighborhood of Glugur House, we come upon a wide space of gradually-sloping ground, which commands a southerly aspect, and which, terminating at its greatest height in an abrupt hill, effectually shelters the plantation from those violent gusts and squalls which blow from the coast of Sumatra, and which would otherwise prove fatal to the young and tender saplings of the nutmeg during the first few years of their nurturing. Here we find, thickly planted, with hardly twelve inches space between each sapling, thousands of young plants under the tender supervision of a score or more Malay gardeners. This is the nursery; and here the shoots that spring from the undried nuts are tended and watched during the space of two years. You will observe that they are protected from the great heat of the midday sun by a species of awning, composed of rushes and old mats, securely fastened to staves driven firmly into the ground. This awning stands about three feet from the ground, so that the early and late rays of the sun, both morning and evening, penetrate under the sheds, and afford warmth and nourishment to the young plants for about four hours during the day. Then again, by the same provision, the heavy showers so frequent in the Straits are excluded, or, at best, can only reach the plant by filtering gently through the thick mat coverings. All this care is indispensable, for the nutmeg is, as yet, an exotic; and even with every precaution, nearly one-third of the young plants die off annually. Those that survive thrive lustily, and, at the end of two years, are transplanted.

The next partition in the plantation, immediately adjoining the nursery, is the ground to which plants of a two years' growth are removed. This space is also very much sheltered, but the awnings are now dispensed with. The great heat of the day, the rain, and the heavy dews are rather advantageous than otherwise to the growth of the trees. Nutmegs transplanted here from the nursery remain for five years, during which interval they attain considerable height and strength. In this spot, as you will observe, there are trees of all sizes and ages, from the nursling of last season's transplantation to that of seven years' growth, which is now ready for its final removal, and may be expected in the course of a year or two to yield its first crop of nutmegs.

As we advance into the heart of the plantation, we come upon trees in all stages of fructification, from those decked out with delicate blossom to the mature trees bearing fruit. The fruit of the nutmeg very much resembles, in size, color, and shape, our English peach. When, however, it is perfectly ripe and surcharged with juice, the fruit bursts open, displaying to view its heretofore concealed treasure, the dark-brown nutmeg, tastefully enveloped in its rich and costly crimson mantle, which latter constitutes the spice known as mace. A representation of the fruit, just bursting open, may be seen in the centre of the accompanying engraving, which is intended to illustrate pictorially the several processes through which the nutmeg passes, from the shaking of the tree to bring down the ripe fruit, to its use in the kitchen by the thrifty housewife or the cook.

When the fruit has attained to its perfection, the busy season of the year arrives. Men, women, and children, in bands under the supervision of experienced and trustworthy overseers, are now occupied in shaking the richly-laden branches, gathering the fallen fruit, carefully piling them in light wicker baskets, and transporting them to the warehouses or magazines, where the sorting, cleansing, picking, drying, weighing, and packing operations are skillfully carried on under the superintendence of men well versed in this peculiar calling.

Few trees present a more striking picture of the beauty and perfection of the works of God than the nutmeg. The handsome brown trunk and tastefully-spread branches, the splendid deep-green of the foliage, the rosy-tinted green and straw-colored fruit, the incomparable crimson of the mace, and the fine, deep hue of the nutmeg itself—all these contrast and yet combine surprisingly together, and excite the admiration of the beholder. How gracious of the Lord of the universe to provide for his creatures, not only a supply of the necessities of life, but to consult their comfort by scattering superfluities for the enhancement of their enjoyments!

And now we will take a brief survey of the laboratory, or working department, attached to the plantation, which is necessary for its proper success, and upon which our distant island is dependent for the benefits it derives from the produce of the nutmeg-tree.

After luncheon we are escorted by the proprietors through the back court-yard and into the working department, in which occupation is afforded to numerous men, women, and children. The whole presents a scene of busy activity; and we here become eye-witnesses to the entire process the fruit undergoes, from the moment it is gathered from under the trees until it is securely packed, marked, and ready for shipment. In such a large plantation as Glugur, of a necessity the space of ground required for these essential services is very great. The whole is inclosed by a species of wicker-work fence, with a lofty pandal, or shed, erected over each separate department, so that, while a free circulation of air is admitted, sun and rain are carefully excluded.

On first entering, we come upon baskets of newly-culled fruit; these are being rapidly husked (that is to say, the kernel, consisting of the nutmeg with the mace tightly adhering to it, is separated from the fruit) by women and children; the fruit is thrown aside into large wooden troughs, and the kernels are put into empty baskets, placed in rows at the feet of the work-people. As soon as one of these baskets is filled, it is whipped off into a second department, where, under skillful hands, the nutmeg undergoes the process of peeling—that is to say, the mace is carefully separated from the nut; and these being placed in separate baskets, are again handed to a third class of laborers, whose care it is to sort the mace and nutmeg, separating the different qualities, and assorting the various sizes. The two distinct spices then undergo the process of weighing, for the purpose of ascertaining the net produce, as also for calculating the loss sustained after the spice has been subjected to the drying process, which naturally shrinks it a good deal, and whereby the excellence or the reverse of the season's crop is ascertained. Bad seasons are distinguishable by considerable diminution in the weight.

From the scales, the baskets containing the nutmegs are conveyed to a long range of ovens, where, by the aid of artificial heat, they are gradually dried, during which process the outer shell is cracked, and the nutmeg is extracted. It is afterward exposed to air, under shelter, for many consecutive days, and during this period it is continually turned, so as to expose all parts of the nut. The mace is likewise carried off from the scales and spread upon ranges of mats, where it is left to harden at leisure. A great variety of shades and tints is to be seen in this drying department. Those recently exposed to the air still retain their brilliant crimson hue; next to these comes the dull red of yesterday; then a faded tinge; next a sickly yellow; and so on throughout, till we arrive at the mats, on which those of a dingy brown color, curled up and crisp, indicate mace ready for packing and exportation.

In a department distinct altogether from the one described, we may witness the finishing touch to the business. Here is a room quite filled with baskets, and fragrant with spicy aroma, in which some persons are employed in weighing nutmegs or mace, while others are noting down the number of piculs (a weight equal to about 133 pounds English); some are carrying off the weighed baskets to the packing-room, where they are duly packed in ready-made cases, having their respective quantities marked on them in Chinese hieroglyphics of an inch and a half in depth. Close at hand are the work-shops of some ten or a dozen Chinese carpenters, who, throughout the day, and that every day in the year, Sundays excepted, are perpetually at work, sawing, cutting, hacking, hammering, nailing, and finishing the wooden cases requisite for the spices, their long tails, meantime, proving a source of endless annoyance to them, from either getting entangled among the sharp teeth of the saws, or being firmly nailed into some packing-case.

In the front yard of the packing-room are several large carts, drawn by powerful buffaloes. These are being loaded by coolies. In a few hours the carts have reached the water's edge; boatmen are manfully shouldering the cases, and carrying them into their boats, where they place them in the driest possible position. The boats convey these alongside the stately ship, in whose hold the whole cargo is carefully stowed. The ship sails, but her voyage is a tedious one, she being much buffeted about off the Cape of Good Hope. Three months before she arrives in New York, the Overland Mail has brought intelligence of her wealthy freight. Insurance has been effected, and the greater part of the cargo sold; and the next time we recognize the cases with the Chinese hieroglyphics, we find them being landed upon a wharf upon East River, New York, under the jealous supervision of a custom-house officer. A fortnight later, and we may lay out a penny in the purchase of one of these nutmegs at a grocer's.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Progress of Christianity in Turkey.—In our Foreign Religious Items a few weeks since, we referred to the unexpected and violent awakening of Mohammedan fanaticism against the Christians. When Dr. Hamlin, of the Constantinople Mission, was in America last summer he alluded to it, and remarked that it was what might have been expected; but it would be followed by a speedy and favorable reaction. We are glad to find by our late papers from Europe that this has been the case. We learn from the London *Christian Times*, of Feb. 6, that the advent of Redschid Pasha to power, and the apparent restoration of the influence of our embassador, has dissipated very much the gloom that was gathering in the horizon. A letter, dated November 1, says: "Such a change is being felt here *ipso facto*. Every body, on the part of the Turks especially, knows what it means. The position England has taken in the present complications has already done immense good in this country. A decided stand of England, and a positive influence exerted by her, seems to be among the first of providentially appointed agencies for the propagation of the truth in this land; and is, in fact, the *sine qua non* of every degree of safety and every step of progress in this deeply-rotten country."

In a letter from Mosul, November 17, Rev. Henry Jones says: "In passing through the interior of the Turkish empire, and hearing the views by all classes, which I have had every opportunity of doing, I am more and more confirmed in the opinion that the Hatti-Humayoun is no dead letter, but that the principle of religious liberty is generally approved by men of influence, and is being carried out through the whole empire. Nothing could exceed the polite attention which has been shown to my fellow-traveler and myself by all the officers of government, and in fact by all classes wherever we have traveled. The chief ground of hope, however, is that the Gospel has free course in Turkey, and is being preached, not by the small band of missionaries only, but by scores of native preachers and teachers, whose labors God signally blesses by the outpouring of his Holy Spirit." Mr. Jones states also that he was present at the examination for the Christian ministry of the first Moslem who has ever aspired to the sacred office, and of witnessing the sanction which was unanimously given to his appointment. Under the influence of the newly-awakened fanaticism, aided by the bigotry of the Greek priesthood, Yeni Sana, a native Protestant of Magnesia in Asia Minor, had been banished. But under the reaction, the case has been brought to the notice of the British Minister at Constantinople, and he has espoused the cause of Yeni Sana, and it is generally believed that Yeni will be restored to his family. Dr. Hamlin and Dr. Schauffler report most favorably of the work among the Armenians. The former says: "We have a fine class of students in the seminary (Bebek), and my time will now be much devoted to them." The latter says: "Our seminary numbers now above fifty students, and more could easily be obtained. In fact, there never was such a number of young men of high promise collected here."

Correspondents at Constantinople and Aleppo give a most interesting description of the state of things there. Converts from Islamism are now suffered to live among their friends unmolested. The wife and child and mother-in-law of one convert have rejoined him, and their reunion is likely to lead to conversion also. Their Turkish neighbors do not think of separating the Mussulman members of the family from the rest.

Death of Missionaries in Turkey.—Were it not for our confidence in God, it would make us sad to think of the death of able and devoted missionaries in the dark empire of Turkey. Dr. Eli Smith, the oldest member of the Syrian mission, and its chief dependence in the momentous work of translating the Holy Scriptures into the Arabic language, entered into his rest January 13, passing from an earthly to a heavenly Sabbath. He had been long feeble, and for some time anticipating his departure, and his mind was full of peace, being stayed on Christ, his only hope. Mr. Righter, the agent of the American Bible Society for the East, has recently died at Diarbeker; and Mrs. Schneider at Aintab. And yet the mission gathers strength and expands. Another missionary has gone to Aleppo, and one more to Antioch. The day is dawning on the East.

The Hindoo Marriage Law.—We alluded recently to the positive and practical change by the British East India Government, of the ancient marriage laws of the Hindoos, by which change or new law, widows are permitted to contract a second marriage. The London *Watchman* of February 4, says:

> "The law permitting the remarriage of widows had been carried into effect. Pundit Greeschunder Surma, a Koolin of Koolins, a man of the very highest sacerdotal rank, has married the widow of a pundit of equal birth. The ceremony was attended by hundreds of Brahmins, and created a profound sensation. There has been some talk of excommunicating all concerned; but so extreme a step is improbable, for this reason among others—if the orthodox excommunicate the guilty couple they must excommunicate every Hindoo who attended the wedding. They will do nothing so dangerous, and the prohibition may be considered finally abolished. I am told that some degree of coercion was exercised on the bridegroom, but Hindoos invariably account for their defeats in that fashion. Even if true, the fact will make no difference. A Koolin has married a Koolin widow. He has not been excommunicated. Any body, therefore, may marry a widow without fear of consequences. The result is admitted by the most bigoted opponents of the reform, so there is an end of the oldest social evils that ever afflicted a community. The bride in this case was a girl of about twelve. Under the ancient system she must have remained single all her life, an object of perpetual anxiety to her family."

The British East Indian Government and the Missions.—We have alluded to the mutual co-operation of the British Government in India and the missions, in introducing the Christian civilization and religion into that old and populous pagan country. The London *Watchman* of a late date says, in a paragraph following the one above:

> "The Government has recently taken another step in the direction of social reform. It is even more daring than the last. The Santhals have at last completely settled down. It is felt, however, that there is no permanent security for the Damun till these savages have been civilized. The Government, therefore, has handed the whole race over to the Church Missionary Society. Teachers are to be selected by them, and responsible to them alone, the State finding the funds. School-houses, boarding-schools, books, and money for traveling, are all to be provided by Government, but administered by the Society. The Missionaries are free to teach any creed they please, and it is understood—though not stated—that attendance in the schools will be pretty rigidly enforced. Mr. Droese, the Society's agent in Bhazulpore, is a man of some energy; and the Santhals have no creed, no caste, and rather a respect than otherwise for Christianity. It is not therefore improbable that, in a generation, the savages who recently desolated Beerbhoom may be an educated, civilized tribe of Christians."

Protestantism in France.—The condition and fortunes of Protestantism in France is rather a difficult problem. Some statutes, and the understood will of the Emperor, would allow a fair share of religious liberty. But other statutes afford the local authorities a pretext for harassing the Protestants, if they wish to do so, and the people wish it also. But in some places the Protestants are allowed to rebuild their churches, and celebrate their worship freely, and with public favor. This was the case recently at Lunery, on the Lower Seine, where formerly the Protestants assembled at night in dark quarries to worship God. Recently this same people have rebuilt their church, and reopened it, the public authorities almost all attending upon the ceremonies of dedication. The London *Christian Times* says, the church was crowded to excess by Roman Catholics who listened with great respect, both morning and afternoon, to the sermon by Rev. N. Roussell. In Paris, the Protestant worship is but little restrained, if at all. A large and beautiful church, formerly belonging to the English, has been purchased for the use of Americans in Paris; and the services are under the direction of the French Methodist Conference, if we understand the matter rightly.

NOTES ON THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Yellow Fever Prevented by Inoculation.—According to a statement recently made in the *Gazette Medicale*, the yellow fever may be prevented in the majority of instances by previous inoculation with the diluted virus of a reptile. The statement is made by Dr. Lucien Papilland, who, at the period of announcement, had performed no less than 2477 inoculations on persons living in districts ravaged by yellow fever, and with the most satisfactory results. Only 288, or 10 per cent. of the number inoculated, were subsequently attacked by yellow fever, though exposed to its influence; 68 of the total number, or 2½ per cent., died; and 2247, or 90 per cent., were altogether protected. Dr. Papilland calculates that as a rule, nearly the whole population of a region infested by yellow fever may be preserved by this mode of preventive treatment. The history of the discovery is not a little singular. Some time since Dr. G. Humboldt announced the fact that the inhabitants of Central America were liable to be bitten in the feet and legs by a reptile of undetermined species. Many died in consequence, but those who survived remained singularly free from the ravages of yellow fever. M. Papilland inoculates with the diluted poison of the reptile, which he irritates until it bites a piece of sheep's liver; and the juice of the latter, thus impregnated, is the material employed for inoculation.

Monstrum Horrendum.—A Scotch paper notices a freak of nature that is attracting much attention in Edinburgh, and is certainly one of the most extraordinary living specimens to be met with. Two lively intelligent black girls, now about 5½ years old, are united inseparably together *dos à dos* by the termination of their backbones. The children are named respectively Christina and Milley Makoi; they are gayly dressed, and converse frankly with their visitors. To the medical profession this natural curiosity is more particularly interesting for various reasons. It may be mentioned that some of the viscera are found not to occupy their usual places; the heart of one, for instance, beats in its proper place, while that of the other beats in an abnormal position. As to the origin of the *lusus*, it is mystery of mysteries. It is said that every thing has a cause, but here the men of science are compelled to acknowledge the deep obscurity in which such a subject is involved; perhaps frights, or accidents, or hardships, may have to do with it.

In Architectural Design, says Ruskin in a recent lecture, imagination is the first great quality. It is the quality that distinguishes great from mean artists, and no instance is known of a great man with deficient imagination. Industry is essential; but industry alone does not make a great artist. Next to imagination comes sympathy, for it is imperative that the artist should sympathize with what he portrays. Mr. Ruskin contends that it is a mistake to separate sculpture from architecture: the architect should be his own sculptor.

Extraordinary Facts in the French Census.—Two extremely serious facts, says the *Assemblée Nationale*, have been brought to light by the French official census of 1856, and which have not only excited the attention of the public, but formed the subject of consideration in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences at one of its recent sittings. The first fact is an almost complete interruption in the progress of the national population since the census of 1851, and the second is the extraordinary tendency evinced during the same period by the people of the country districts to remove to large towns, and particularly to the capital. From 1851 to 1856 France, according to the last census, has only gained 256,000 inhabitants. In the same number of years, from 1841 to 1846, the increase was 1,200,000.

Exploration of the Niger.—We lately mentioned a report that the British Admiralty intended to send another expedition up the Niger. It is now proposed to dispatch annually, for the next five years, a small steamer up that river at the public cost. The projectors of this enterprise have so far matured their plans already as to have determined that the first year's exploration shall be confined to that branch of the Niger which, at the confluence, is known as the Quorra, and that the second year's shall be devoted to the other branch, called the Binue.

American Inventions in England.—Mr. Luther Young, an American artisan, who has obtained a patent for the invention of a new method of regulating, minutely, the consumption of gas, having been ordered to forward his apparatus for adjustment in Woolwich Dock-yard, by order of the Lords of the Admiralty, waited on the authorites there on the 5th of February last, and gave the necessary explanations for the application of his patent meters, fifty-two of which were supplied for the use of the dock-yard. He was accompanied by Mr. Van Winckle, also an American, who professes to turn out, by means of a single piece of machinery, of which he is the inventor, a number of bolt-nuts, at the rate of from fifty to sixty per hour, ready for use. The invention is about to be submitted to the consideration of the Lords of the Admiralty.

Locomotive Steam-Engine for the Streets.—A citizen of Glasgow has applied to the authorities of that city for permission to drive a small locomotive steam-engine through the streets. The engine, it is stated, will carry goods only; will at no time travel quicker than the city omnibuses, and will be more easily guided, and more under the control of the driver. It will produce no smoke, and very little noise; will take up less space than a one-horse vehicle, and will be as free from risk of explosion as any of the river steamers. The application is under the consideration of the Police Board of Glasgow.

Copper Discovery.—We learn from a Western paper that copper has been discovered within a mile and a half of Newaygo, on the Muskegon River. The discovery was made by an old citizen of the locality. On passing through the woods, by the root of a large tree that had been prostrated by the wind, he observed that some very singular-looking lumps were left exposed, an examination of which proved them to be copper. He asserts that further inspection revealed the existence of an inexhaustible deposit of the same valuable mineral.

Singular Case of Refraction.—A Coburg (Canada West) paper states that, on Tuesday of last week, the attention of parties was directed to the strange aspect of Lake Ontario. Smoke, as if from a steamboat, was seen rising above the horizon, and the whole outline of the American shore, some forty miles distant, was visible with the naked eye. By the aid of a telescope, the woods, farms, and houses, with smoke ascending from them, and the entire outline of the shore, were distinctly visible. The refraction lasted for upward of an hour. At one time the light-house on the American shore could be distinctly seen with the waves lashing its base.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Flower vases, when the plants are chosen with taste, discriminately arranged, and carefully attended to, are very beautiful. To succeed well in vases in a climate like this, where the sun strikes on any isolated object, as a vase, with extraordinary power, considerable attention is required in the watering, so that the flowers never become parched. A mulching is of great benefit to arrest evaporation.

The scarlet geranium or a fuchsia will do well for a centre plant. About this may be arranged some of the following, as fancy may dictate: Galairdia picta, or other varieties; cuphea platycentra; heliotropes, verbenas, and petunias; the two latter suffered to hang over the outside. Besides these, a plant or two of maurandia, loasia, and thunbergias may be introduced to hang in festoons over the side.

Good corn fodder is a very valuable article of cattle food. To be of the best quality, however, great care should be taken in curing it.

The corn should be cut in fair weather, and laid evenly in rows, like swaths of cradled grain, and allowed to lie a day or two, or until thoroughly wilted, if the weather will permit. Small stakes, made of bits of old rails, or some other convenient material, pointed at one end, should be provided, and driven into the ground, leaving them of sufficient height to stack around and bind above the top of the stake. The corn should be bound in small bundles near the top, and placed in shocks of from nine to fourteen bundles about the stakes, and bound with a strong band above *the top of the stake*. In this way shocks will stand any desirable length of time, if the work is well done, keeping their place as perfectly as when first put up. The first rains will mat together the outside leaves, forming a thatch almost entirely impervious to water. When they have stood until it is thought that they are dry enough to put in mow, let them stand as much longer as they have already stood, and then, if upon wringing the butts of the thickest stalks no moisture or juice appears, they are ready to put in large mows without fear of their heating, and will be found of equal value, ton for ton, with the best hay.

The following is given as an infallible cure of that troublesome disease in cattle, the horn-ail:

Take a piece of alum as large as a walnut, pulverize it, and put it into about a wine-glass full of sharp vinegar; turn up the head, and pour it into one ear. In two or three days pour the same quantity in the other ear. A third application is seldom necessary.

Beans are profitable as a field crop. They can be grown for fifty cents per bushel, and generally sell for $1 50.

We may mention, for the convenience of those who in moving or traveling from one part of the country to another would be glad to secure a supply of some favorite fruit for propagation, that if the twigs on which good buds are found are cut (and the longer the better), and immediately deprived of their leaves by cutting the leaf stem with a pair of scissors or a sharp knife, and wrapped in wet moss, or even wet cloths, they may be preserved for many days or weeks in a fresh state, so as scarcely to fail of growing where skillfully inserted.

The true rule in planting potatoes is, not to use a certain number of bushels on an acre, but a particular number of eyes on a piece, and pieces in a hill. *Do not overstock.*

Trees girdled by mice may, unless too badly injured, be saved by an application of equal parts of garden mould and cow-manure, applied as soon as the snow is off the ground, and kept on by means of a bandage of rags.

On every farm a space should be allotted where to raise fruit-stocks, in which to insert grafts or buds, whenever such may be obtained of desirable quality; a great convenience at all times.

Cream sometimes becomes bitter in winter. If milk is scalded before being set away, the cream will not only keep sweet but will make superior butter.

Tansy, planted about peach-trees, will effectually banish the peach-tree borer. So say those who have, during the past year, tried the experiment.

Where "corn-planters" are used, they often leave marks or impressions on the ground, just above the seed-corn. These marks that robber, the prairie-squirrel, soon learns to take advantage of by scratching there, and nowhere else, for his food. By going over the ground with a brush-harrow—which may be made sufficiently wide to cover three rows at once—the marks are effectually concealed.

An Illinois farmer gives it as his opinion that where fence-rails do not cost more than $5,00 per hundred, the common worm-fence, staked and ridered, is the cheapest wood-fence obtainable. He thinks it requires less looking-after, will better withstand the attacks of pigs and cattle, and will last far longer than any "picket" fence that can be made.

Sheep "poisoned by eating ivy" may be cured by good feed and a free allowance of salt. Liberal salting is said to be a specific for "wool-eating" in sheep.

The most effectual way of getting rid of the bugs which trouble squash, melon, and cucumber-vines, is to kill them by hand. Go over the patch early in the morning, and you will find the bugs under the leaves. Persecute them for two or three mornings, and those that are living will leave the premises.

Rhubarb-plants should be set out in hills four feet apart, in rows six feet wide, and one plant in each hill. The soil should be deep, dry, rich, and light. The roots strike deep down, and will rot if they come in contact with water.

The Osage orange has not succeeded well as a hedge-plant in the latitude of New England. The climate is unfavorable. The white mulberry, cultivated in hedge form, seems to answer much better. One who has tried it for a number of years says: "It makes a stout fence; is well adapted to this climate, and the foliage of the trimmings will at least pay a part of the expense of trimming. The young shoots grow annually from the top of the hedge from three to five feet, or more. These, if cropped before the frost kills them, are eaten with avidity by cows, and pigs will thrive and fatten upon them. A horse tied up to the hedge trims it pretty thoroughly. The trimmings, if not wanted to be fed green, may be cured and fed to stock in the winter. Even the leaves, after falling to the ground in the fall, if raked up and put under cover, will be eaten by a cow as soon as rowen hay."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The poets have sportively played with the inappropriateness of names. None have done this more amusingly than Horace Smith, in a song worth a whole dictionary of names, wherein he tells us that

Men once were surnamed for their shape or estate
(You all may from history worm it);
There was Louis the Bulky, and Henry the Great,
John Lackland and Peter the Hermit;

But now, when the door-plate of misters and dames
Are read, each so constantly varies
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling, surnames
Seem given by the rule of contraries.

As an instance of this antagonism between names and qualities we have—

Mr. Box, though provok'd, never doubles his fist,
Mr. Burns in his grate has no fuel,
Mr. Playfair won't catch me at hazard or whist,
Mr. Coward was wing'd in a duel.
Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a Whig,
Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,
And huge Mr. Little broke down in his gig,
While driving fat Mrs. Golightly.

Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh,
As it swiftly scuds along;
Hear the bursts of happy song;
See the gleam of glances bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white;
Jingle, jingle—how it whirls,
Crowded full of happy girls.

The British *Quarterly Review*, in a review of Mr. Buchanan's *personnel*, says: "He has the habit that historians attribute to Alexander the Great, of holding his head somewhat inclined to one side, and sometimes partially closing one eye, as if to prove, what was undoubtedly the case during his mission in this country, that he could see a vast deal more with half an eye than all our ministers when they opened their eyes to the fullest extent, as they had to do more than once, if all tales be true, during the course of their 'transaction of business' with Mr. Buchanan."

Garrick said he would give a hundred guineas if he could say "Oh!" as Whitefield did.

Clerks have lately been playing fast and loose to such an enormous extent with their employers' money that it is extremely difficult to know whom to trust. We shall hear of the clerk of the weather having embezzled something next. He will be taken up probably for having been in the habit of skimming the milky-way, and appropriating for years the cream to his own use. If we were Saturn, we certainly should count our rings every night, to see that none of them were missing.

Some lady, who has more reverence for the inspiration she draws from Helicon than for that imported from Havana, comes down after the following style upon the patrons of the weed:

May never lady press his lips,
His proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth,
And keeps its chimney burning!
May each true woman shun his sight,
For fear his fumes might choke her;
And none but those who smoke themselves
Have kisses for a smoker!

At Rome, an English gentleman complained to his banker that his letter account was overcharged—he had *that opinion*. A member of the house took him aside and said:

"You have *dined* with us two or three times."

"Oh! if that is it," replied the gentleman, "I say nothing; only I would rather you had sent in your bill for the dinners."

Three hungry travelers found a bag of gold;
One ran into the town where bread was sold.
He thought, I will poison the bread I buy,
And seize the treasure when my comrades die.
But they, too, thought, when back his feet have hied,
We will destroy him and the gold divide.
They killed him, and partaking of the bread,
In a few moments all were lying dead.
O world! behold what thy goods have done!
Thy gold has poisoned two and murdered one.

Talking of the corrupt political condition of France, a gentleman in conversation with Talleyrand remarked to him: "In the Upper Chamber, at least, there are to be found men possessed of consciences."

"Consciences!" replied the wit; "certainly, I know many a peer who has got two!"

Dr. Thompson keeps the Atlanta Hotel. Two gentlemen stopped there, and one of them getting tight, was reproved by the landlord, when the other cautioned the doctor not to speak rashly to his friend, for he had *killed his man!* "Killed his *man!*" roared Thompson; "why, Sir, I've practiced medicine twenty years, and do you think to frighten me with a chap that has only killed *one* man?"

An editor up in the Lake Superior region, having been without a mail for three weeks, says in his last paper: "Should the mail not arrive this week, we shall make our regular issue next Tuesday; for this number was made up from an old magazine and a religious almanac of last year, and so long as this material holds out we shall be independent of the mails."

If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.

There was an artless manner of announcing marriages in "the olden time" which is quite refreshing to advert to occasionally. Witness the following from the *Williamsburg Gazette* of 1776: "On Sunday evening last, Mr. Beverly Dixon to Miss Polly Saunders, a very agreeable young lady."

"Ma, what is hush?" asked a little boy.

"Why, my dear, do you ask?"

"Because I asked Sister Jane what made her new dress stick out so all round like a hoop, and she said *hush*."

If 40 rods make one *rood*, how many will make one polite?

If 12 dozen make one *gross*, how many will make a grocer?

If 3 miles make a *league*, how many will make a National Convention?

The man who was found in liquor has been taken out by his friends.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, March* 9, 1857.

THE week just ended has been very quiet in comparison with former weeks, and the foreign trade at this port light. It compares as follows with the corresponding week last year:

	Exports.	Imports.
Week ending March 7, 1857	$891,209	$2,719,451
Corresponding week, 1856	1,650,321	4,728,658
Decrease this year	$759,112	$1,909,207

The export of specie was small, being only about a hundred thousand dollars, while this time last year we were exporting over a million a week.

Money is more plentiful than it was. We quote first-class names to-day 7 to 9 per cent., and second-class 10 to 12. Exchange is very heavy, the supply of sterling bills being unusually large; banker's bills may be quoted 107¾ @ 108¼.

Toward the close of the week money became decidedly easier in Wall Street, and stocks felt the benefit of the improvement. From the following course of prices during the week, however, it will be seen that no rise was effected.

	Saturday, Feb. 28.	Saturday, March 7.
New York Central	89¾	90¼
Erie	57½	58¾
Reading	81	81¾
Michigan Southern	75	75¾
Toledo	74½	75¼
Rock Island	104½	105¼
Michigan Central	95¼	95¾
Panama	95¼	96¼
Galena and Chicago	103¾	104¼
Hudson River	27	28¼
Virginia 6s	92½	92
Missouris	84½	85
Ohios of 1886	109	109¼
Californias, '75	66	66
Illinois Central	99¾	100½
Illinois Central, Scrip	136	138
Eries of '75	96	93½
Hudson River, Thirds	64	66
Pennsylvania Coal	94¼	95
Delaware and Hudson	120	121¼

It is expected that the new tariff will make a reduction of twenty millions in the revenue of the year. Goods warehoused between this and 1st July are to feel the benefit of it.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, March* 9, 1857.

THE trade in Produce is gradually reviving. The weather is variable, and forms the main impediment in the way of improvement. Breadstuffs have been more sought after during the week. The receipts have been moderate, and receivers have not exhibited any unusual eagerness to sell. Prices generally favored factors up to the close, when the arrival of adverse accounts from Europe occasioned a slight reaction. Western Canal Flour leaves off at $6 30 @ $7 00 for ordinary to fancy; and $6 55 @ $8 50 for low to choice extra brands; superfine to extra Canadian commands $6 35 @ $7 50; and mixed to extra Southern $6 70 @ $8 75, per barrel. Home dealers buy Flour most freely. The export inquiry for it is not brisk. Wheat is in better demand, mainly for shipment, but prices are not quotably higher. White, $1 65 @ $1 83, the latter rate for very superior; Red, $1 34 @ $1 60, per bushel. Mixed Corn opened actively and buoyantly, but, with an increase of supply, prices have again taken a downward tendency. The closing figures are 73½ @ 75 c., in store and delivered, per bushel. No remarkable change has occurred in other kinds of Breadstuffs. Cotton was in brisk request, at rising rates, up to Friday, when the *Persia's* news depressed the market, and prices declined. Middling Uplands are now down to 13½ @ 13¾ c.; do. Gulfs, 13¾ @ 14 c., per pound. Provisions are in good demand at strengthening rates. Mess Pork is worth $23 50 @ $24 00; prime do. $18 50 @ $18 75; Country Mess Beef $11 50 @ $13 00; do. prime do. $10 00 @ $11 00, per barrel; and Prime Mess Beef $21 00 @ $23 00 per tierce; and prime Lard, in barrels, 14½ @ 14¾ c. per pound. Groceries are saleable and firm, though the demand is restricted by unfavorable weather, which keeps out of market large numbers of country buyers. Hay and Hops are in request at old figures; Hemp, Rice, and Tobacco appear quiet, yet steady. Grass-seeds are scarce and needed. Clover, 13½ @ 13¾ c. per pound; reaped Timothy, $3 75 @ $4 00 per bushel. Domestic Whisky is dull and languid at 27 c. per gallon. Wool is moderately dealt in at full prices.

The following is a comparative statement of the Stocks of various articles in first hands here, about March 2d:

	1856.	1857.
Ashes, barrels	393	742
Coffee, packages	81,143	101,488
Cotton, bales	84,800	86,350
Hemp, bales	24,622	13,454
Hemp, tons	—	50
Hides, number	60,937	58,568
Leather, Sole, sides	unknown.	19,409
Molasses, hogsheads	1,364	5,731
Molasses, barrels	11,274	2,928
Pork, barrels	47,283	15,068
Beef, barrels and tierces	80,740	19,560
Rice, tierces	unknown.	6,692
Rice, bags	unknown.	2,700
Sugars, hogsheads	6,451	12,032
Sugars, bags	22,000	—
Sugars, boxes	3,364	25,620
Tobacco, crude, hogsheads	2,472	4,905
Tobacco, crude, bales	2,713	4,673
Tobacco, manufactured, packages	26,245	30,142
Tar, barrels	unknown.	9,000
Turpentine, crude, barrels	unknown.	6,000
Turpentine, Spirits, barrels	unknown.	8,000

The Live Stock Market was less satisfactorily supplied, and, with a fair inquiry, better prices were realized. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, were 2060 Beeves, 274 Milch Cows, 336 Veal Calves, 6472 Sheep and Lambs, and 521 Swine, against 3757 Beeves, 229 Milch Cows, 504 Veal Calves, 8356 Sheep and Lambs, and 1732 Swine, the preceding week. The bulk of the Beeves came from five States—Ohio, Illinois, New York, Indiana, and Kentucky. The range of prices for Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Wednesday last was from 10 c. for the poorest to 15 c. for premium cattle, per pound, the general average rates, as shown by the return of sales, being 11½ c. per pound. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, are in moderate supply and limited request at former rates. Veal Calves are less abundant, and are stiffly held at 5½ @ 7½ c. per pound, demand moderate. Sheep and Lambs sell freely at full prices. The bulk of the week's transactions were at from $4 00 @ $7 50—with a few at from $9 00 @ $12 00 for extra, per head. Swine are scarce and wanted at 7½ @ 7¾ c. for live, and 9½ @ 9¾ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Markets are rather moderately supplied with most varieties of farm, garden, and barnyard produce. The demand is fair; prices generally rule firm. Eggs alone form an exception. These are much plentier, and decidedly cheaper. Nearly all here are fresh. Limed Eggs disappeared some weeks since, and no new lots of any magnitude have arrived in market.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, common to fair, per barrel	$2 50	@	$4 50
" good to extra, per barrel	$4 50	@	$6 00
" Dried, State, per pound	10½	@	11½
" " Southern, per pound	9	@	10
Cranberries, per barrel	$11 00	@	$13 00
Dried Peaches, per pound	17	@	19
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	$1 00	@	$1 50
Potatoes, per barrel	$1 75	@	$4 00
Onions, Red, per barrel	$2 50	@	$3 00
" Yellow, per barrel	$2 25	@	$2 50
" White, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 00
" per 100 strings	$2 50	@	—
Washed Carrots, per barrel	$1 10	@	$1 25
Beets, per barrel	$1 75	@	$2 00
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 10	@	$1 30
Turnips, per barrel	37½	@	$1 00
Cabbages, per 100	$3 00	@	$6 00
Celery, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Garlic, per 100 bunches	$7 00	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound	15	@	23
" State, per pound	20	@	30
Cheese, State, per pound	12	@	13
Lard, per pound	14	@	15
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	18	@	19
Fowls, per pound	12	@	18
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	15	@	18
Turkeys, per pound	9	@	14
Geese, per pound	7½	@	10
Pigeons, per dozen	$1 50	@	$1 75
Quail, per dozen	$2 00	@	—
Partridges, per pair	62½	@	75
Prairie Hens, per pair	62½	@	75
Rabbits, per pair	31	@	37
Hares, per pair	50	@	62½
Venison, carcass, per pound	5½	@	7½
" saddle, per pound	8	@	10
Bear Meat, per pound	18	@	31

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